VAUX HALL SONGS
FOR
1758

Accessions
425.867

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1758.

GIVEN BY

Francis H. Jenks,
Feb. 8, 1889.

Phototype Printing Co Boston

THE
SONGS AND BALLADS
Sung by
Mr. Lowe *and* Miſs Stevenſon
at
VAUX HALL
Set by
Mr. WORGAN

Book the VII. *1758.*

London Printed for the *Author* by *John Johnson* oppoſite Bow Church Cheapſide.

Of whom may be had
The Vaux Hall Songs for the Years 1752. 1753. 1754. 1755. 1756 & 1757.
(This is Pleaſure's golden Reign) a Favourite Trio.
A Collection of Songs ſung at Vaux Hall by Miſs Burchell.
12 Sonatas for the Harpſicord compoſ'd by the celebrated Don Domingo Scarlati.

Francis H. Jenks
425,867
Feb. 8, 1889

By the Lords Justices

Tho. Cantuar. Granville P. Marlborough
Holdernesse Anson

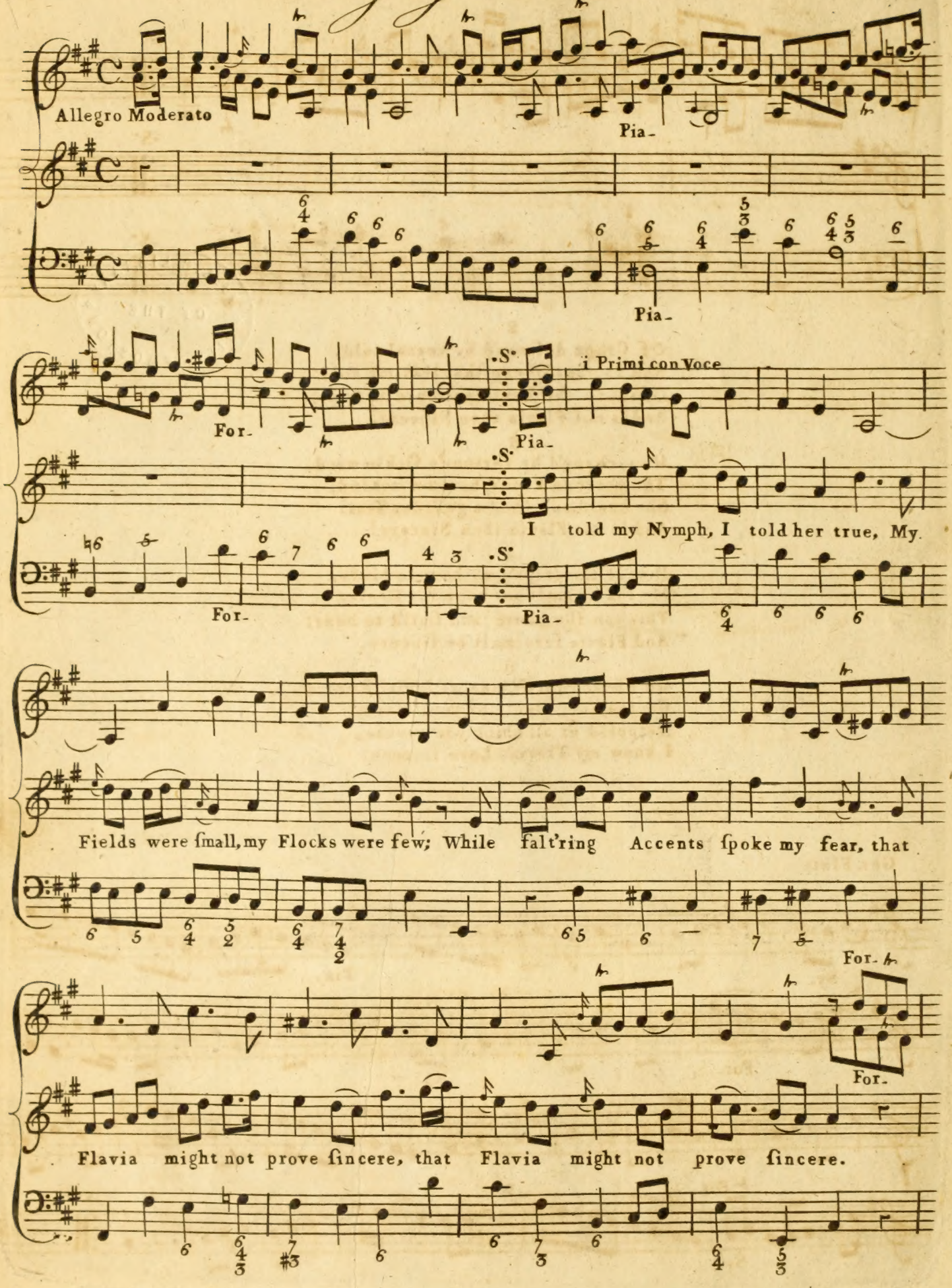
Whereas John Worgan Batchelor of Musick hath by his Petition humbly represented to Us that he hath with great Labour Study and Expence composed diverse Works consisting of Vocal and Instrumental Musick and likewise having been at great Trouble in collecting and procuring a Number of new Sonatas for the Harpsichord composed by Signior Dominico Scarlatti that never were published and the Petitioner knowing it will be of very great Service and Improvement to all Persons who are Performers of Musick therefore prays that We will be pleased to grant him His Majesty's Royal Licence for the sole printing and vending the above Works: We are pleased to condescend to his Request and We do therefore in His Majesty's Name by these Presents so far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that case made and provided grant unto him the said John Worgan his Heirs Executors Administrators and Assigns His Majesty's Licence for the sole Printing and vending the said Works for the Term of Fourteen Years Strictly forbidding all His Majesty's Subjects within His Majesty's Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge copy out in Writing for Sale or publish the same either in the Like or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import buy vend utter or distribute any Copies thereof reprinted or written for Sale beyond the Seas during the aforesaid Term of Fourteen Years without the Consent and Approbation of the said John Worgan his Heirs Executors or Assigns under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained as they will answer the contrary at their Perils; Whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of His Majesty's Customs; The Master Wardens and Company of Stationers are to take Notice that due Observance may be rendered to His Majesty's Pleasure herein declared

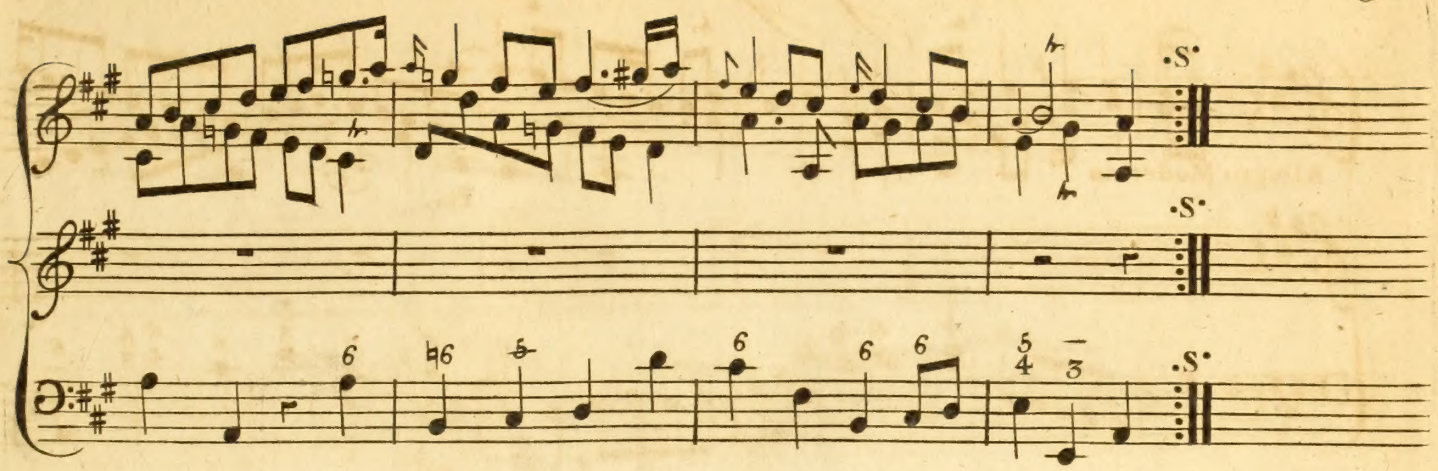
Given at Whitehall the Thirteenth Day of August 1752 In the Twenty Sixth Year of His Majesty's Reign

By their Excellencies Command

Claudius Amyand

Sung by Mr. Lowe.





2

Of Crops deſtroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant Sheep that left my Fold;
Of theſe ſhe heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then Sincere?

3

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The Friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and ſhed a gen'rous Tear;
And is not Flavia then Sincere?

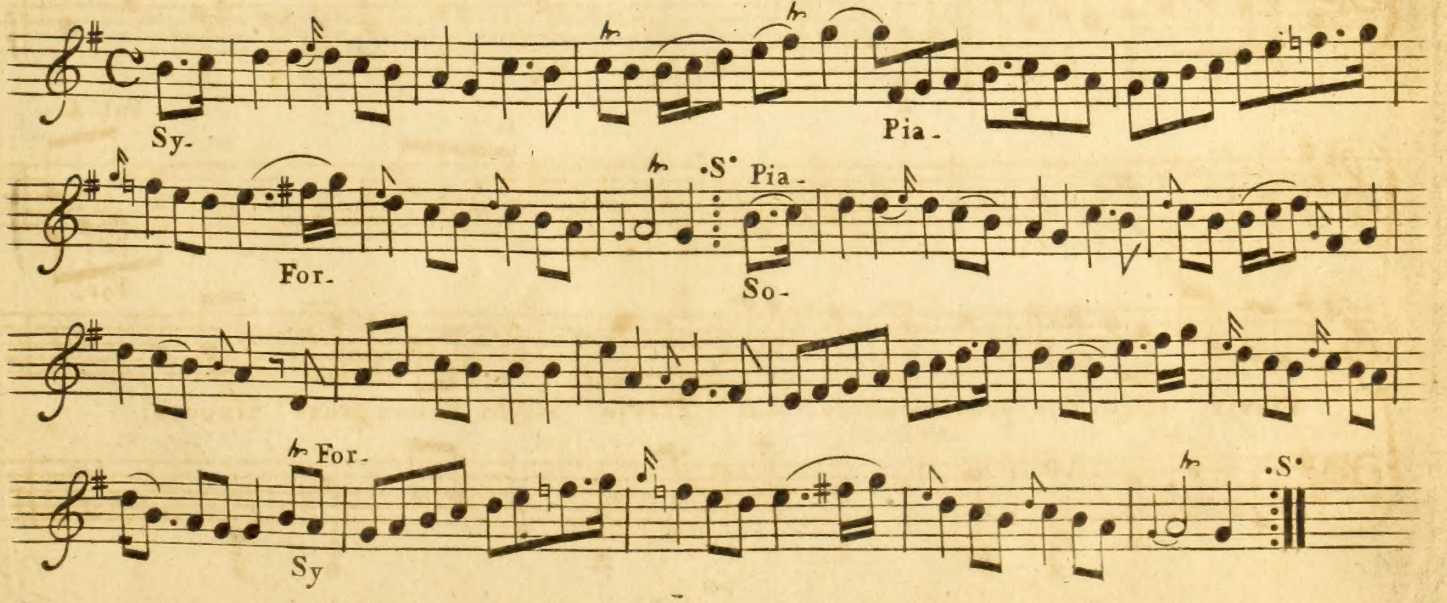
4

How if ſhe deign'd my Love to bleſs,
My Flavia muſt not hope for Dreſs;
This too ſhe heard and ſmil'd to hear;
And Flavia ſure muſt be ſincere.

5

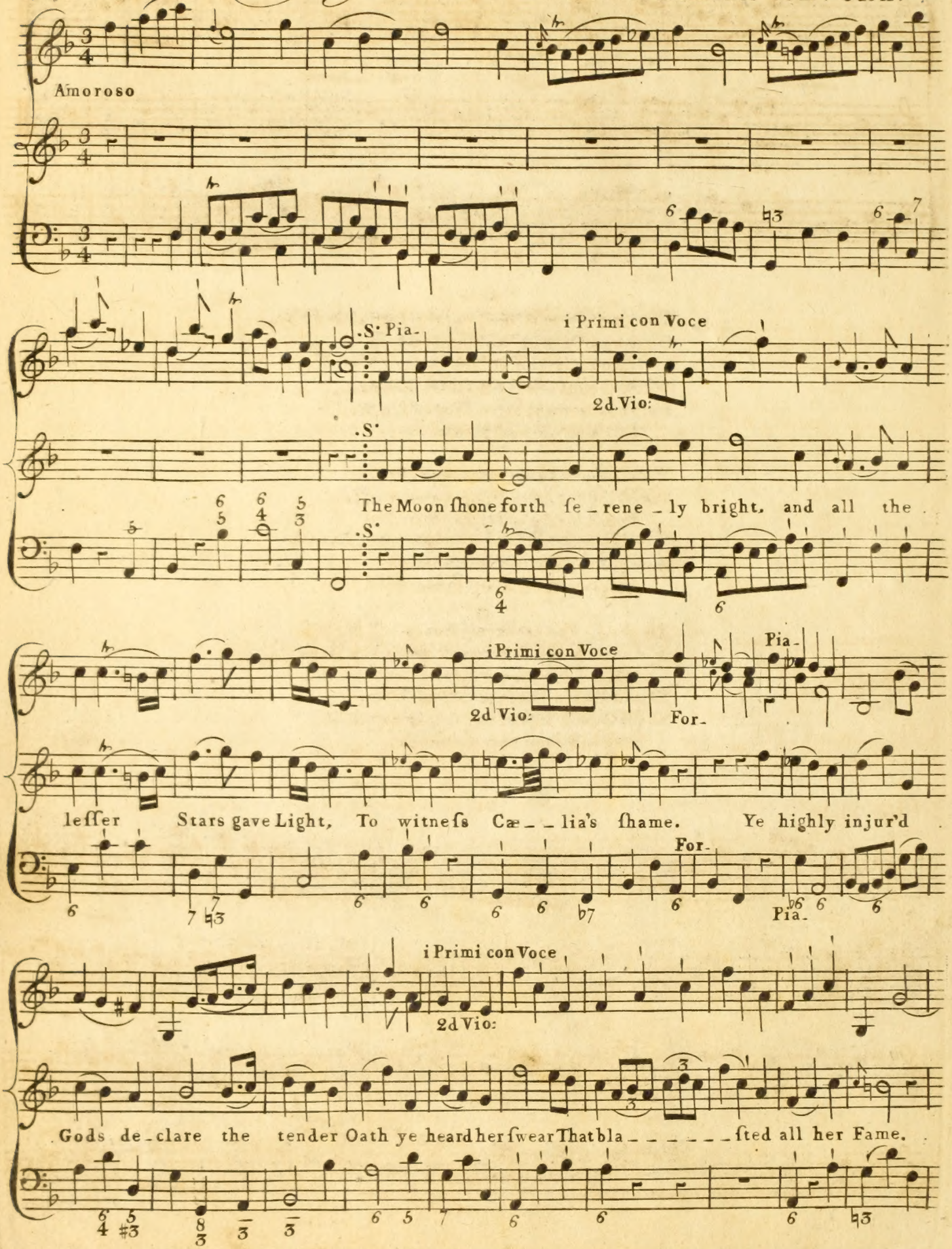
Go Shear your Flocks, ye Jovial Swains,
Go reap the Plenty of your Plains;
Deſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's Love ſincere.

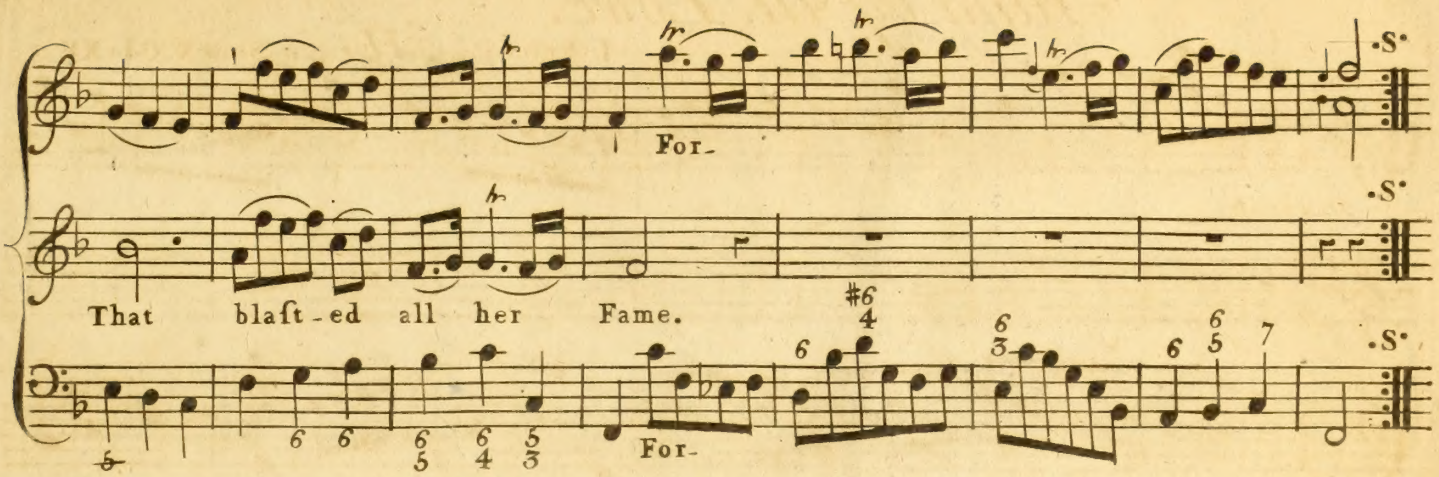
Ger. Flute



Sung by Mr. Lowe.

In Imitation of *Horace* Book V Ode XV





2

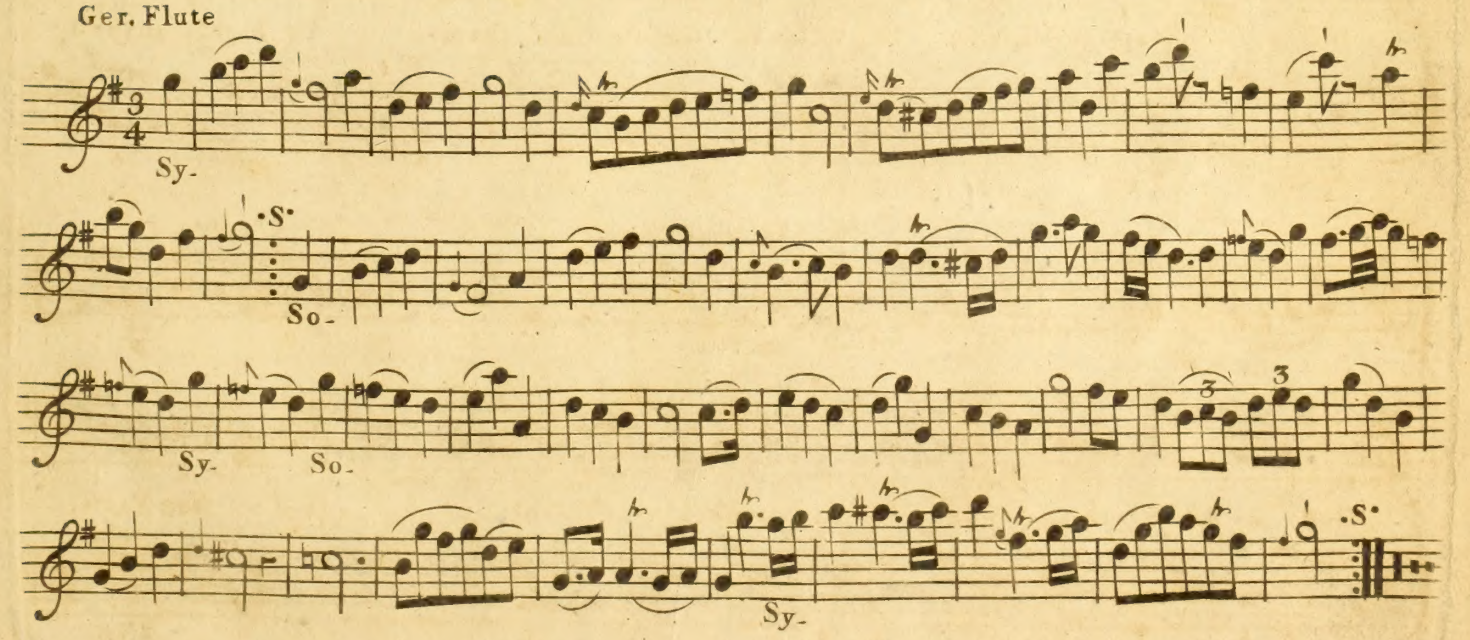
She ſwore while Wolves the Lambs deſtroy,
Or dread Orions Storms annoy
The Bark in Winter's Sea;
While Zephyr fans Apollo's Locks,
Or Shepherds pipe to fleecy Flocks,
Our Love ſhou'd mutual be.

3

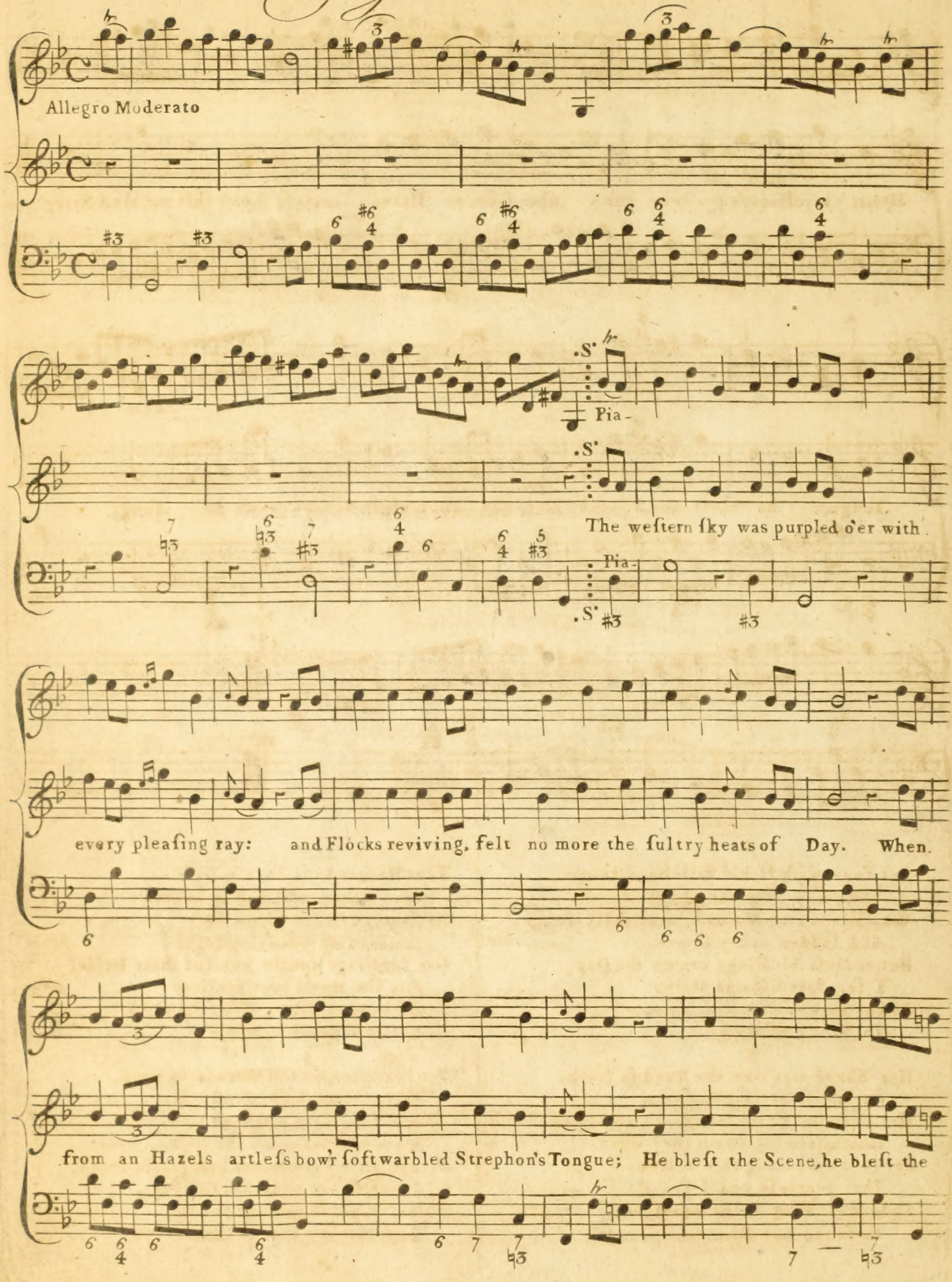
Yet Cælia may repent too late,
For ſlighted Love ſoon turns to Hate,
And Strephon will diſdain
The Nymph who baſely ſhares her Heart,
And gives an envy'd Rival Part
To give her Lover Pain.

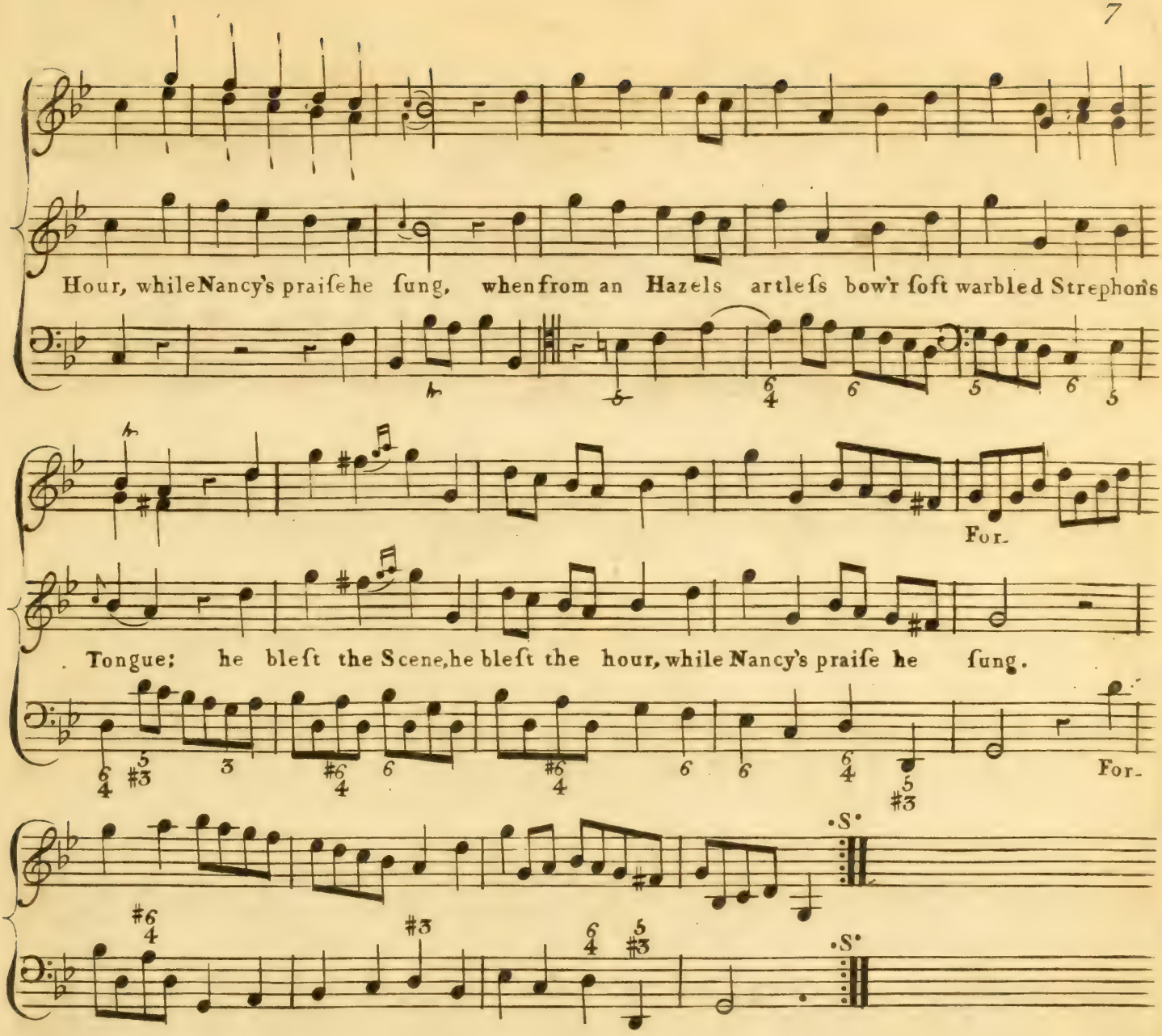
4

To thee, who mocking hears my Sighs,
And quaffs Love's Nectar from her Eyes,
This ſecret Truth I tell;
Shou'd Cupid lend thee all his Power,
She'll watch ſome ſtill unguarded Hour,
And bid thee too farewell.



Sung by Mr. Lowe.





2

Let Fops with fickle falſehood range
The paths of wanton Love,
Whilſt weeping Maids lament their change,
And ſadden every Grove.
But endleſs bleſſings crown the Day,
I ſaw fair Eſhams Dale,
And every bleſſing find it's way
To Nancy of the Vale.

3

Her Shape was like the Reed ſo ſleek,
So taper, ſtrait, and fair;
Her dimpled ſmile, her bluſhing Cheek,
How charming ſweet they were!
Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
This peerleſs bud I found;
And ſhadowing Rocks and Woods conſpir'd
To fence her Beauties round.

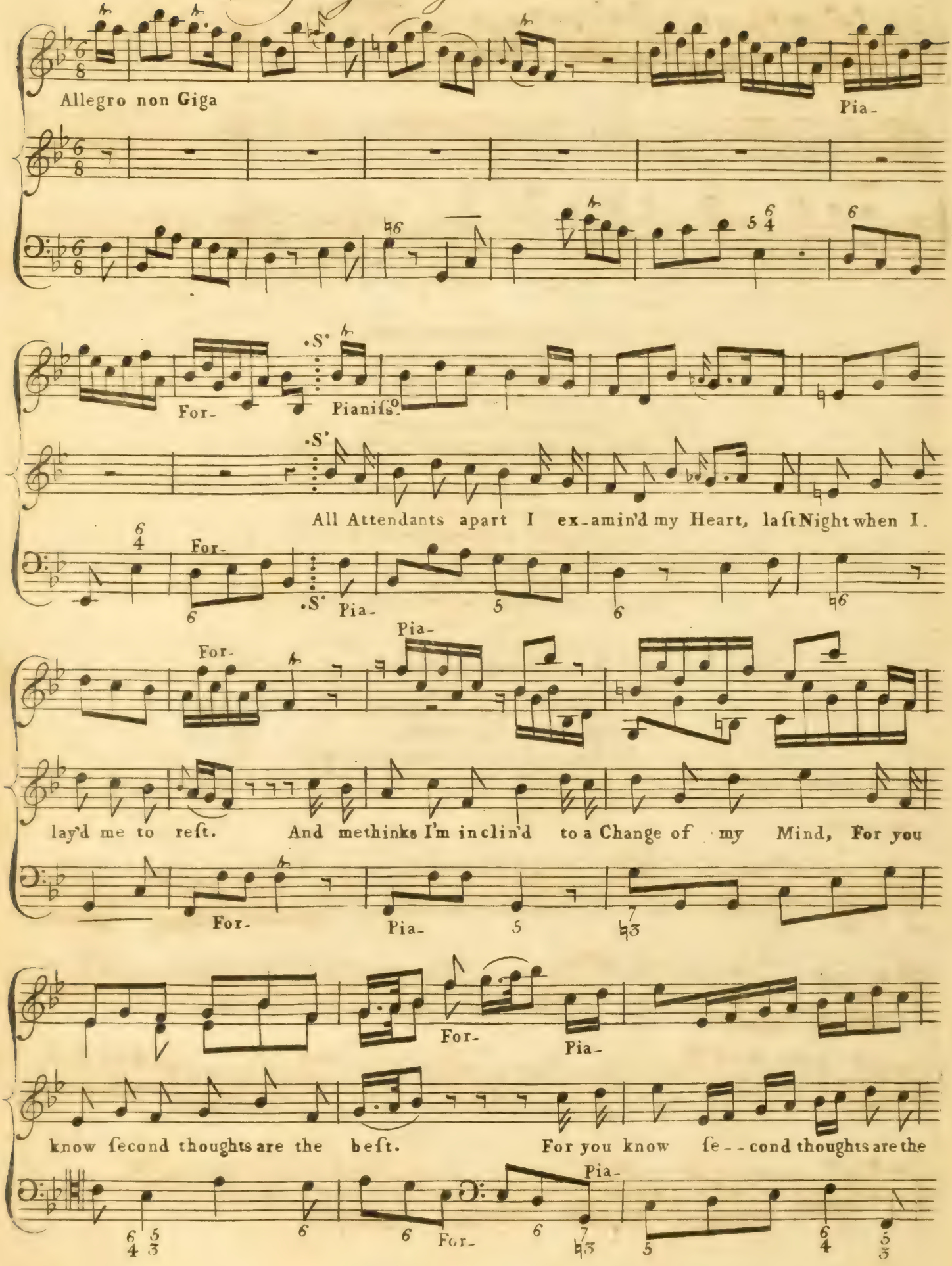
4

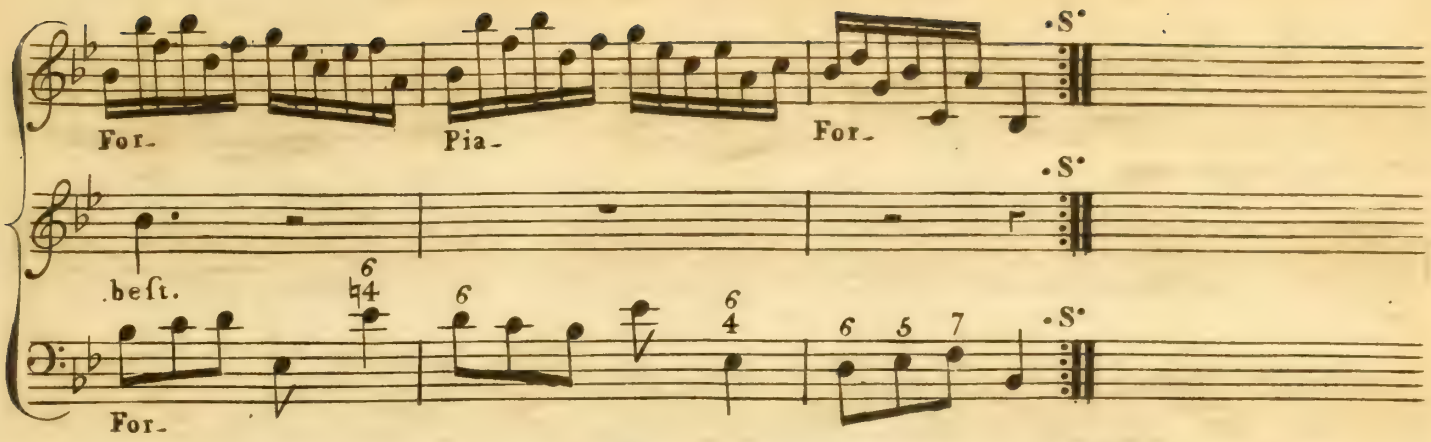
That Nature in ſo lone a Dell
Shoud form a Nymph ſo ſweet!
Or Fortune to her ſecret Cell
Conduct my wand'ring Feet!
Gay lordlings ſought her for their Bride,
But ſhe wou'd ne'er incline;
"Prove to your equals true, ſhe cry'd,
"As I will prove to mine.

5

"'Tis Strephon, on the Mountains brow,
"Has won my right good will;
"To him I gave my plighted Vow,
"With him I'll climb the Hill."
Struck with her Charms and gentle Truth,
I claſp'd the conſtant Fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future Care.

Sung by Miſs Stevenson.





2

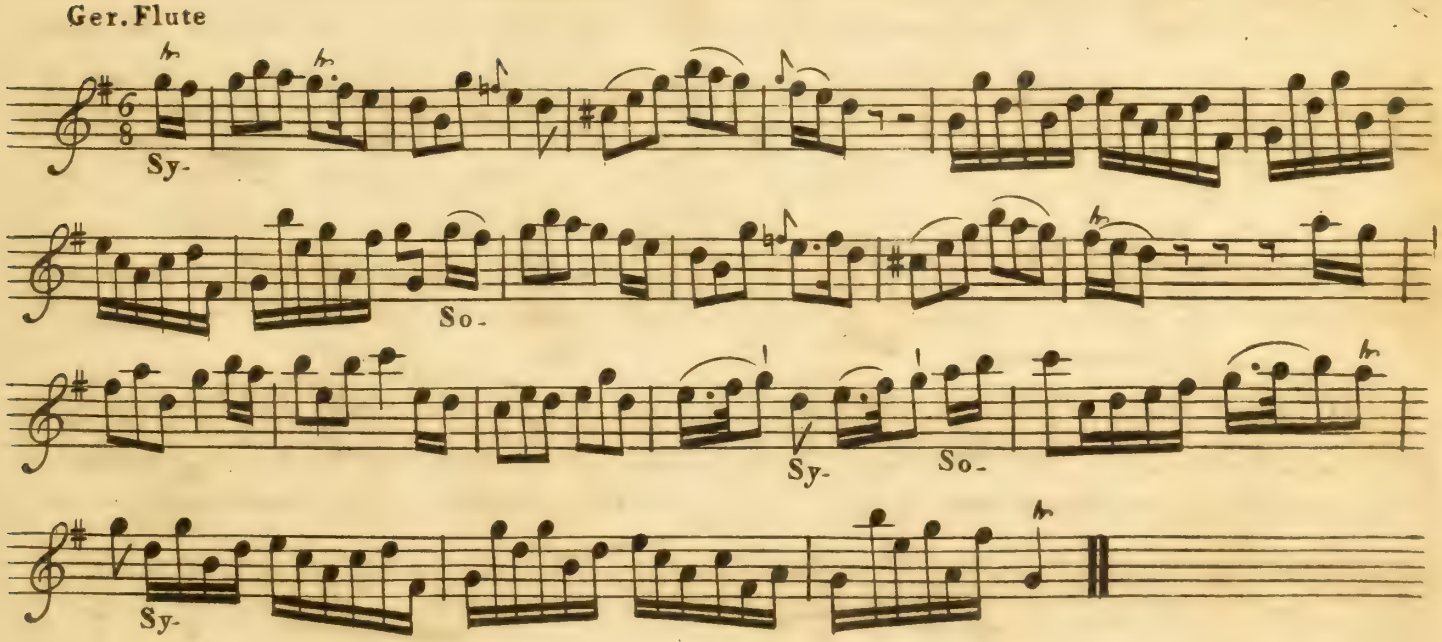
To retire from the Crowd
And make ourſelves good,
By avoiding of ev'ry Temptation,
Is in truth to reveal,
What we'd better conceal,
That our Paſſions want ſome Regulation.

3

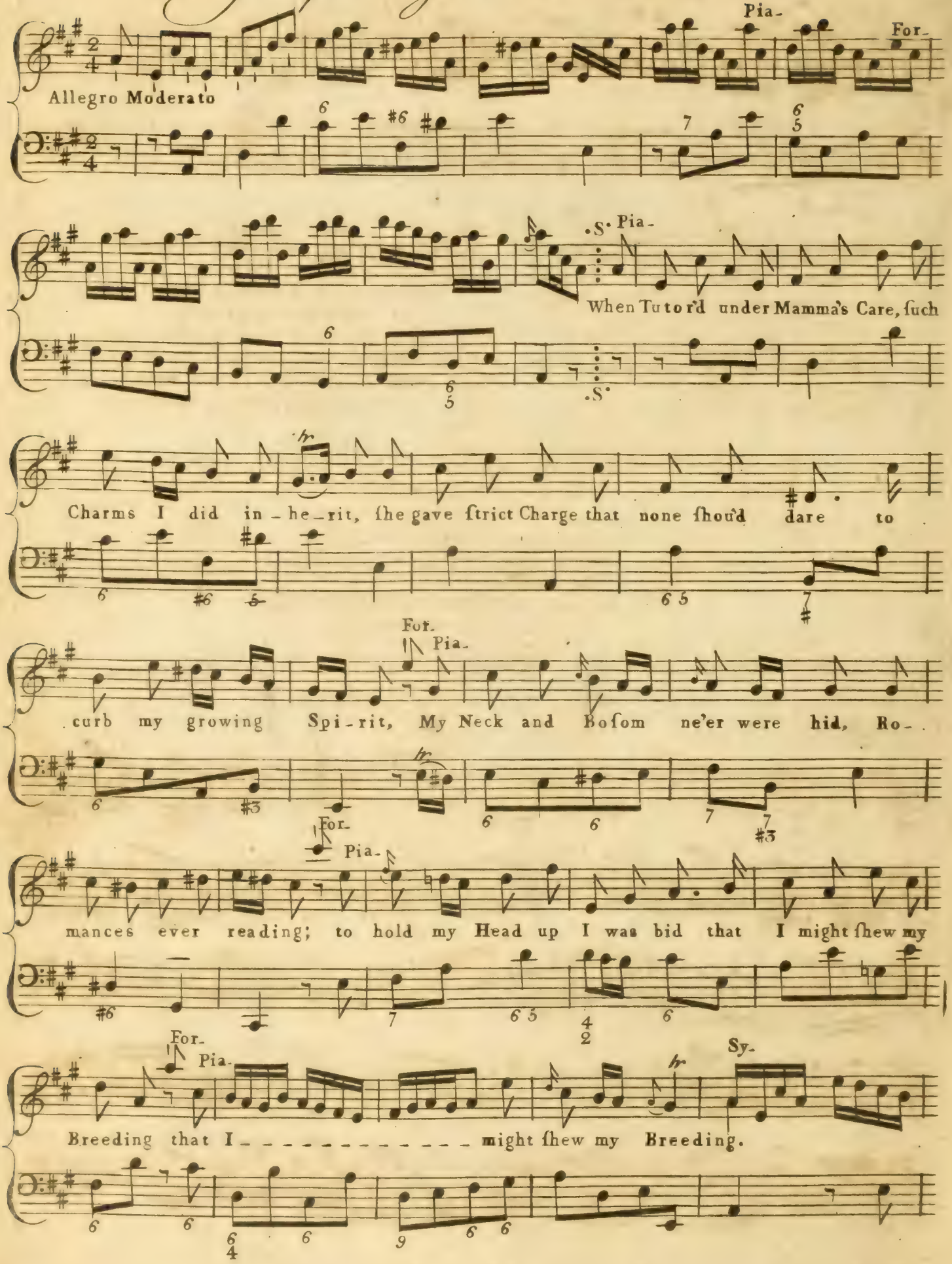
It will much more redound
To our Praiſe, to be found
In a World ſo abounding with Evil,
Unſpotted and pure,
Thō not ſo demure;
And to wage open War with the Devil.

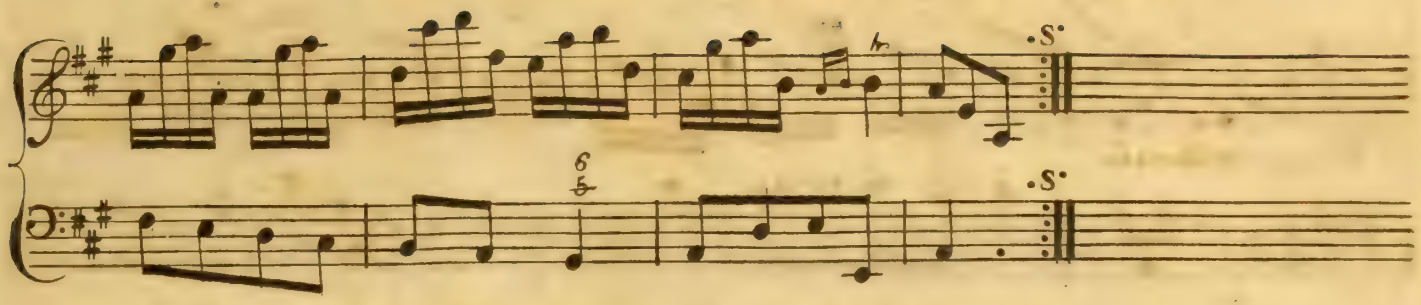
4

In bidding Farewell
To the Thoughts of a Cell,
I'll prepare for a militant Life;
And if brought to Diſtreſs.
Why then—I'll confeſs,
And do penance in Shape of a Wife.



Sung by Miſs Stevenson.





2

By turns I play'd the Flirt and Prude,
Affected Joy and Sorrow;
And what to-day was monſt'rous rude,
I thought polite to-morrow.
By Dukes and Earls I was addreſt,
Each Fop ſure of ſucceeding;
Of ev'ry one I made a Jeſt
That I might ſhew my Breeding.

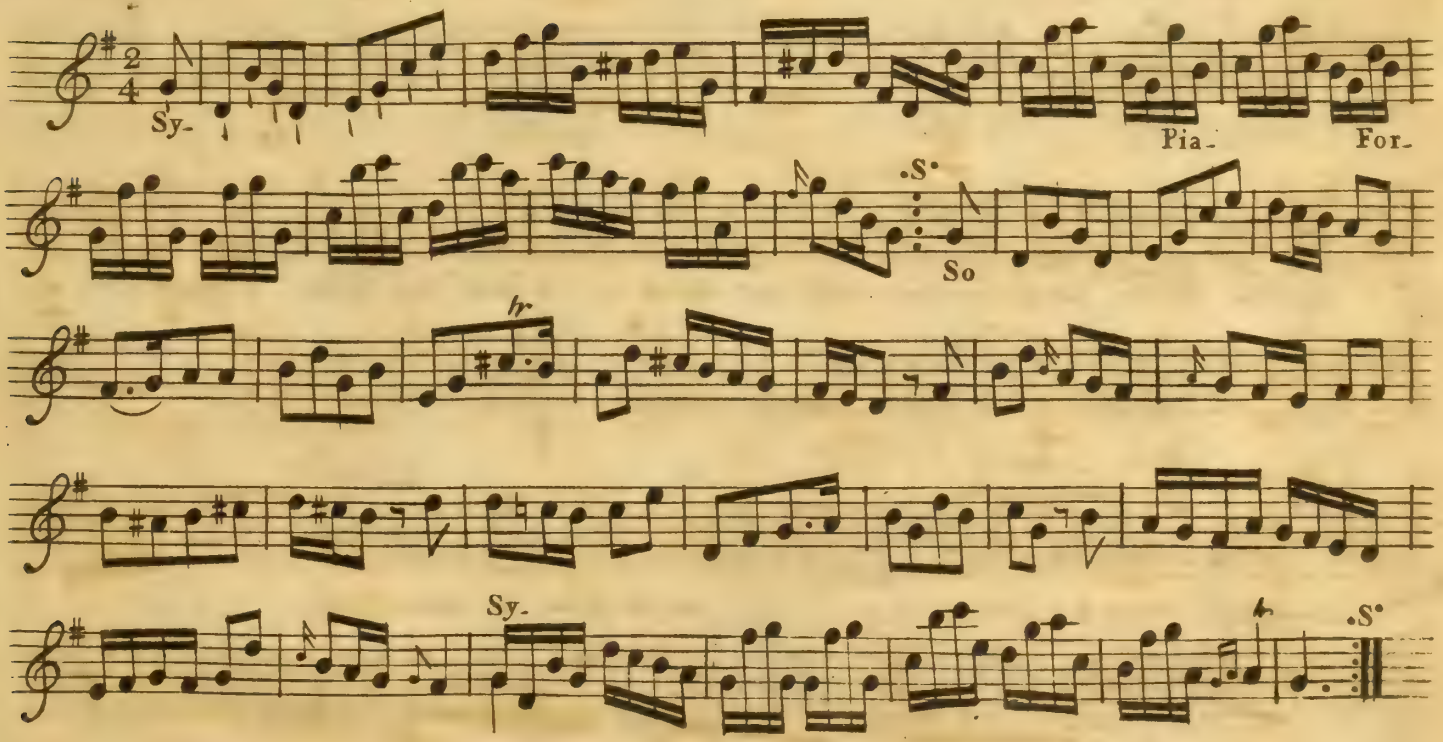
3

Young Damon too confeſt a Flame,
And Rivals I had many;
But though I us'd him juſt the ſame,
I lik'd him beſt of any;
With Tears and Sighs he often ſwore
For me his Heart was bleeding;
I only plagu'd him ſtill the more
That I might ſhew my Breeding.

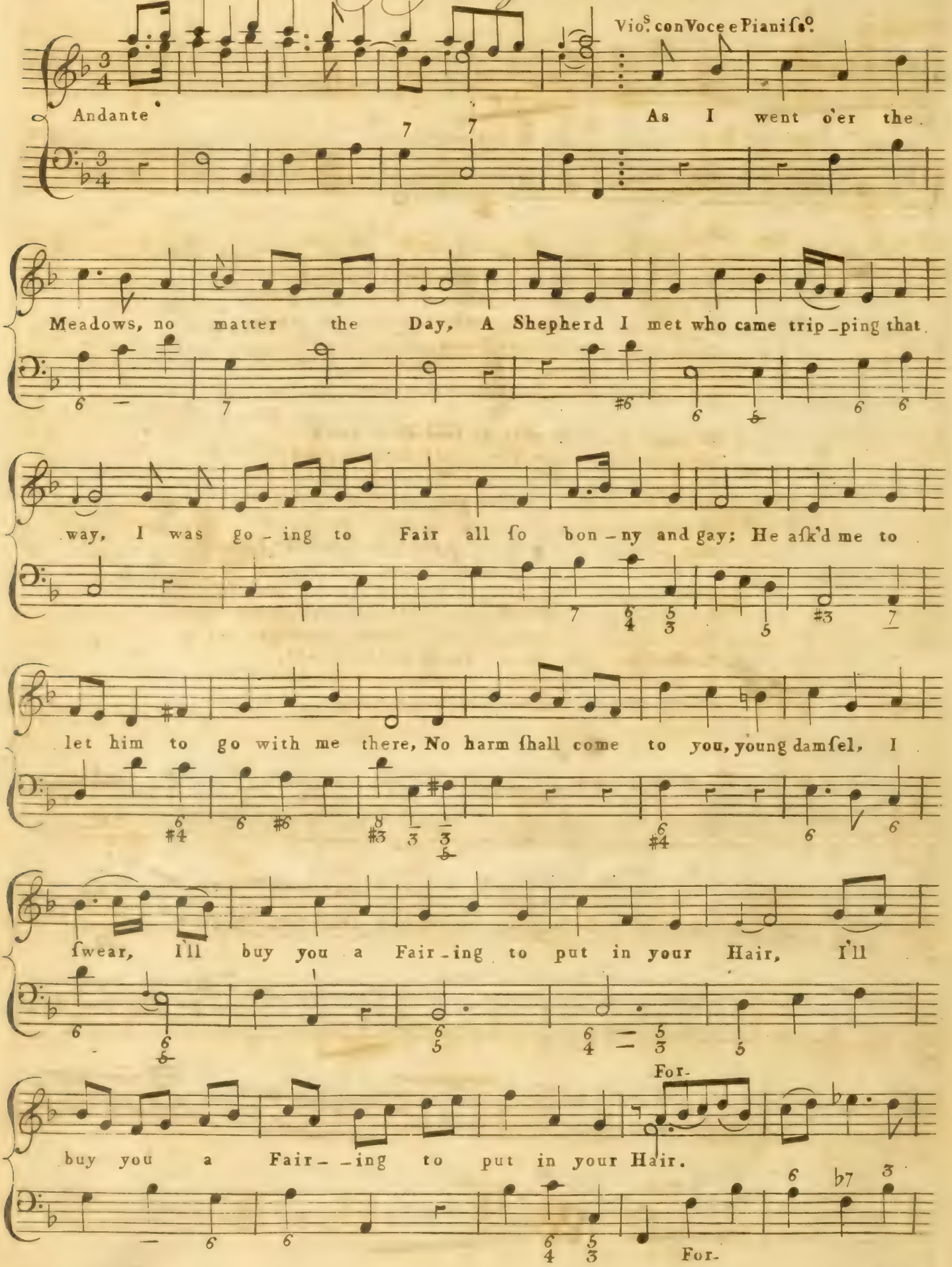
4

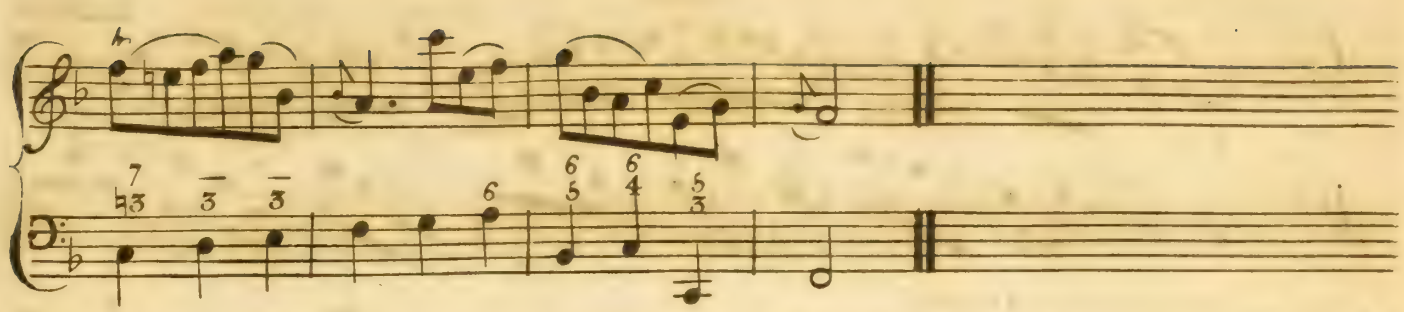
Enrag'd, he vow'd to break his Chain,
And fly to ſmiling Kitty,
I could not bear to meet diſdain
For one not half ſo pretty,
With gentler Words I bade him ſtay,
For Pardon fell to pleading;
We went to Church, and from that Day,
I ſhew'd him better Breeding.

Ger. Flute



The FAIRING. *Sung by Miſs Stevenson.*





2

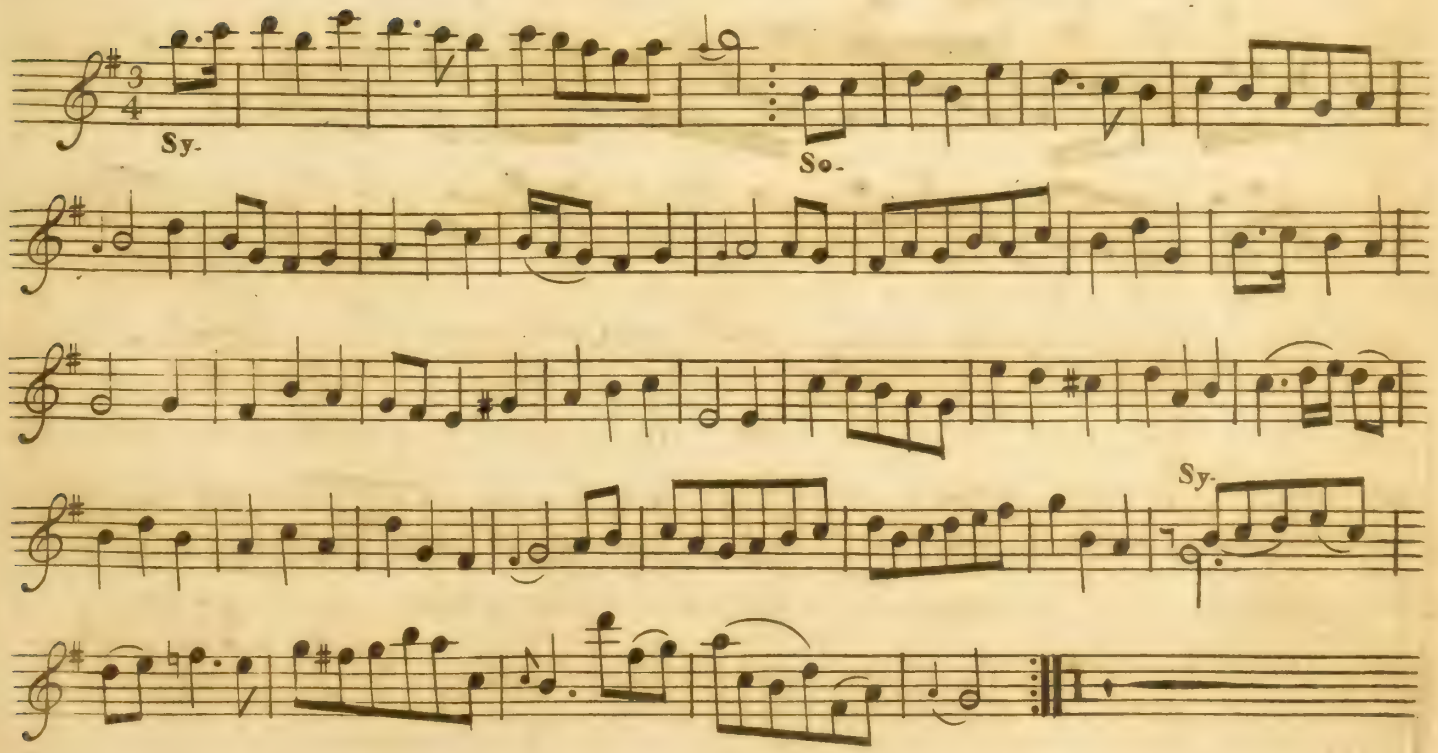
You've a great way to go, it is more than a Mile,
We'll reſt, if you pleaſe, when we get to yon Stile,
I've a Story to tell, that will charm you the while.
To go with him farther I did not much care,
But ſtill I went on, tho' ſuſpecting a Snare,
For I dream'd of a Fairing to come from the Fair.

3

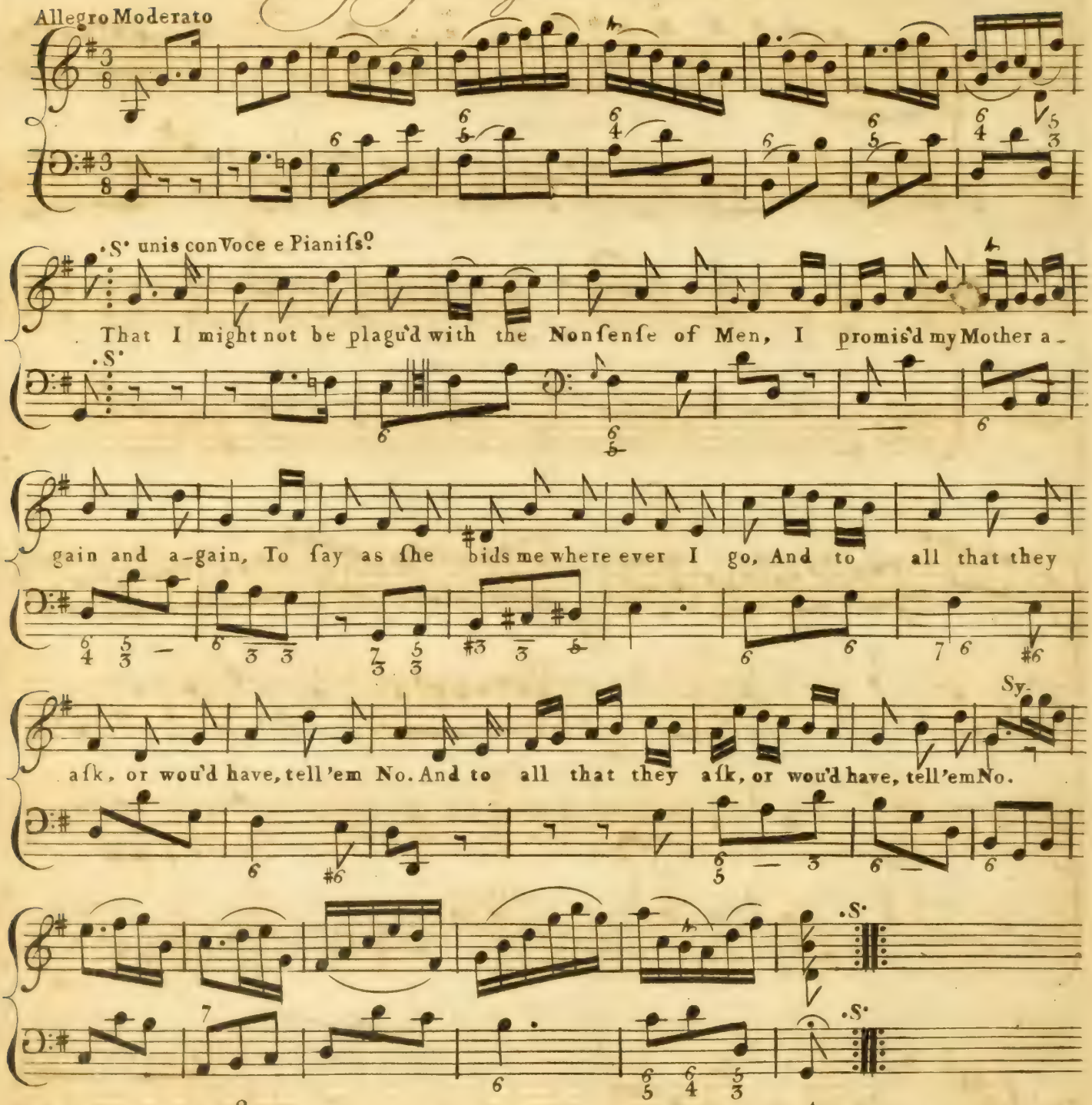
To make me more eaſy, he ſaid all he cou'd,
I threaten'd to leave him, unleſs he'd be good,
For I'd not for the World he ſhou'd dare to be rude;
Young Roger had promis'd and baulk'd me laſt Year,
If he ſhou'd do ſo, I wou'd go no more there,
Tho' I long'd e'er ſo much for a Gift from the Fair.

4

When we got to the Stile, he wou'd ſcarce be ſaid, No,
He preſs'd my ſoft Lips, as if there he wou'd grow,
Take Care how that way for the Shepherd you go.
Confounded I ran, when I found out his Snare,
No Ribband I cry'd from ſuch Hands will I wear,
Nor go, while I live, for a Gift to the Fair.



Sung by Miſs Stevenson



2

I really believe I have frighten'd a Score,
They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more;
And I own I'm not ſorry for ſerving them ſo,
Were the ſame thing to do I again ſhou'd ſay No.

3

For a Shepherd I like, with more Courage and Art,
Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart;
Such Queſtions he puts, ſince I anſwer him ſo,
That he makes me mean yes, tho' my Words are ſtill No

4

He aſk'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain,
(Let me die, if he is not a cleaver young Swain,)
If he ventur'd a Kiſs, if I from him wou'd go,
Then he preſs'd my young Lips while I bluſh'd & ſaid No

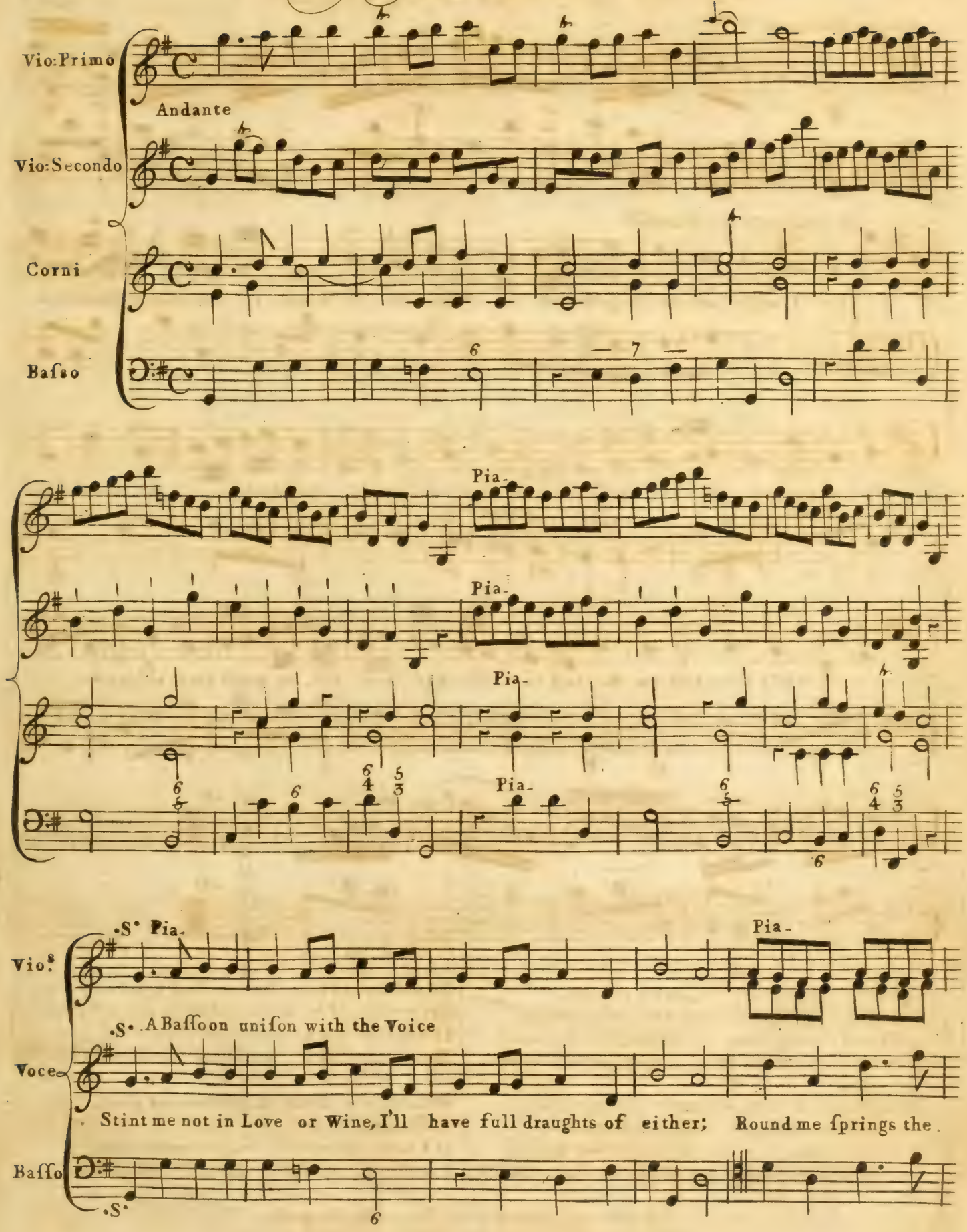
5

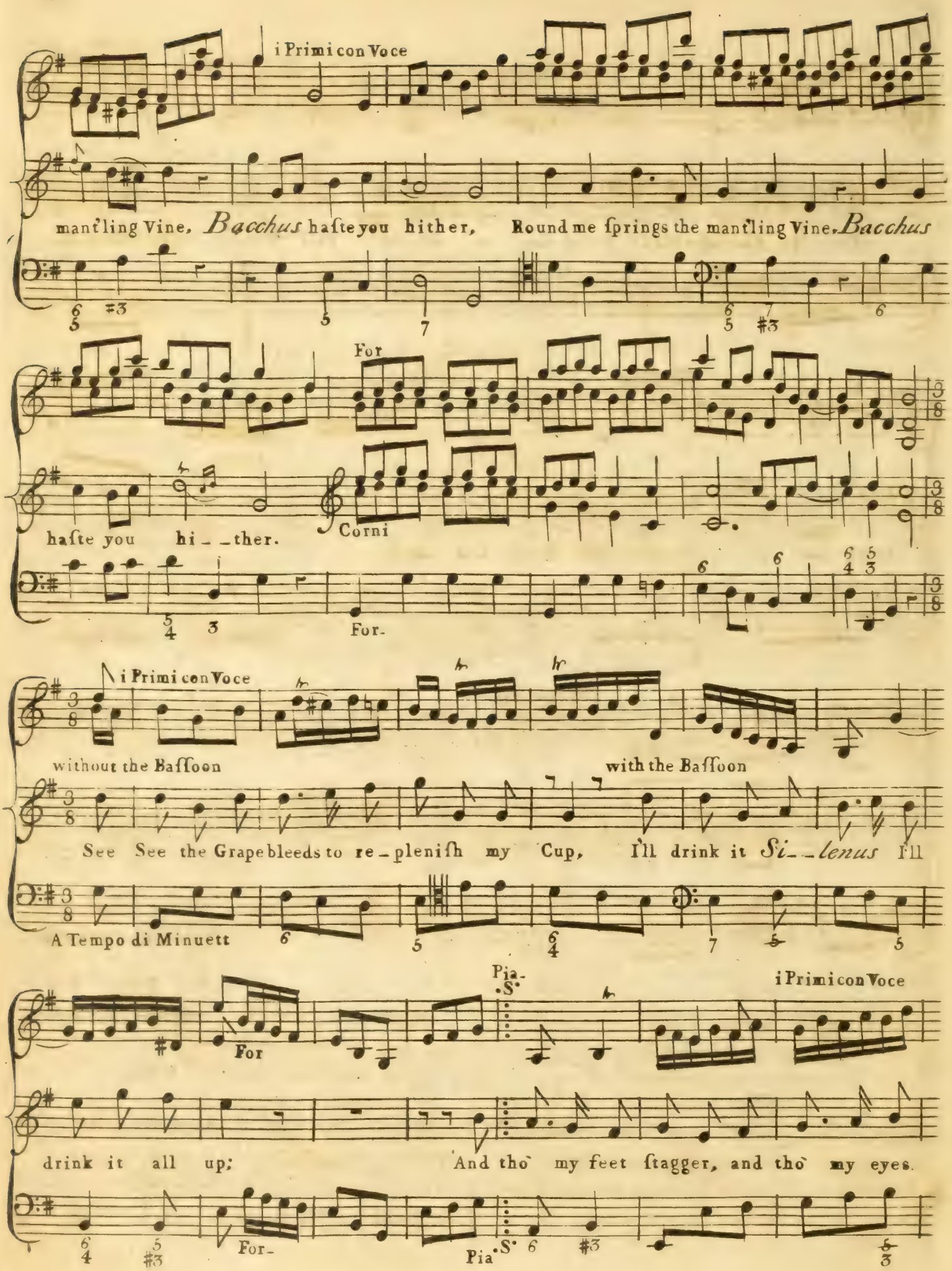
He aſkd, if my Heart to another was gone,
If I'd have him to leave me and ceaſe to love on,
If I meant all my Life long to anſwer him ſo?
I faulter'd and ſigh'd and reply'd to him No.

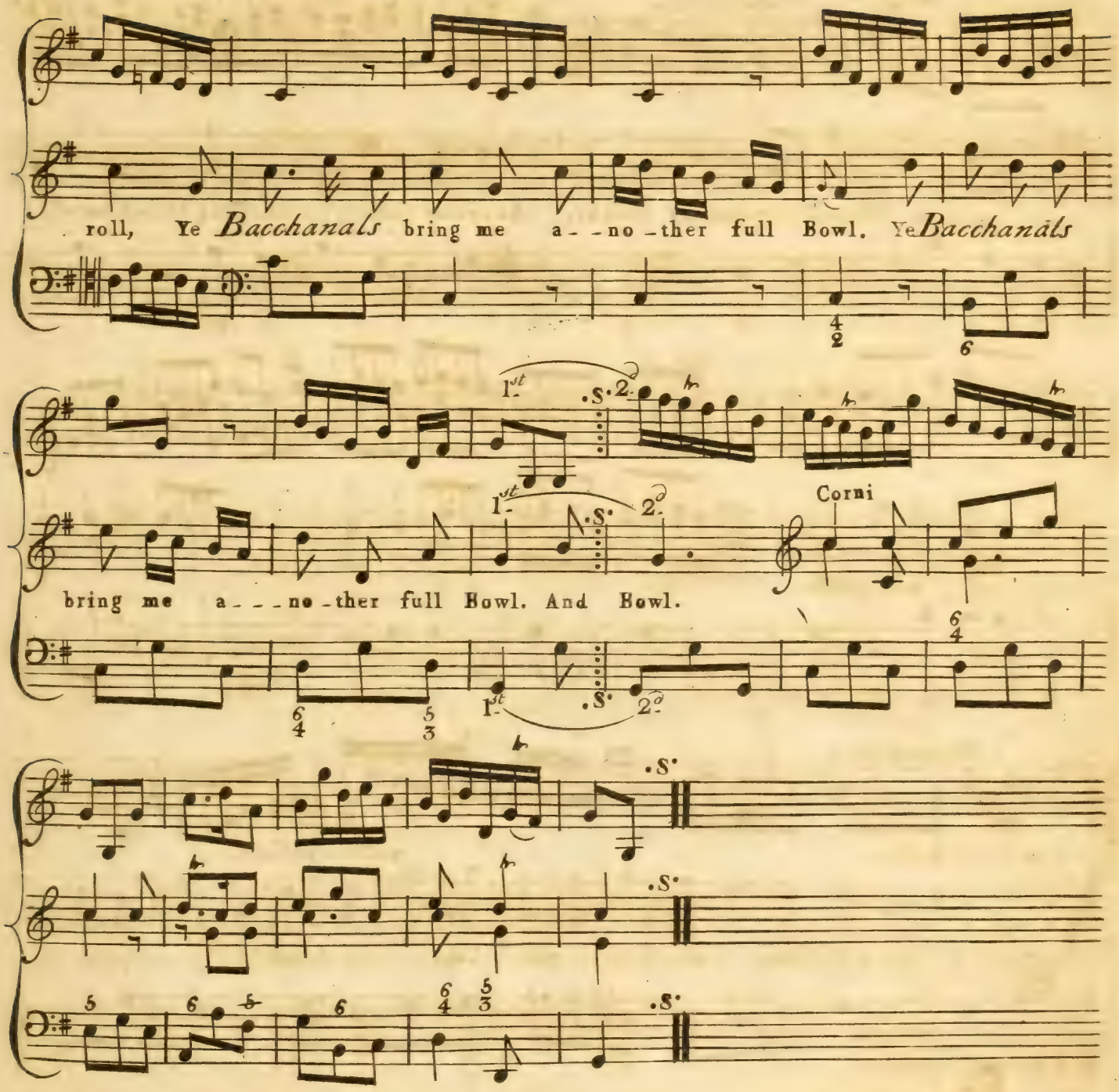
6

This Morning an end to his Courtſhip he made,
Will Phillis live longer a Virgin he ſaid?
If I preſs you to Church will you ſcruple to go,
In a hearty good humour I anſwer'd No No.

Sung by Mr. Lowe




i Primi con Voce
mant'ling Vine, Bacchus haſte you hither, Round me ſprings the mant'ling Vine. Bacchus
For
haſte you hi_ther.
Corni
For-
i Primi con Voce
without the Baſſoon
with the Baſſoon
See See the Grape bleeds to re_pleniſh my Cup, I'll drink it Si_lenus I'll
A Tempo di Minuett
Pia-
S.
i Primi con Voce
For
drink it all up; And tho' my feet ſtagger, and tho' my eyes
For-
Pia
S.



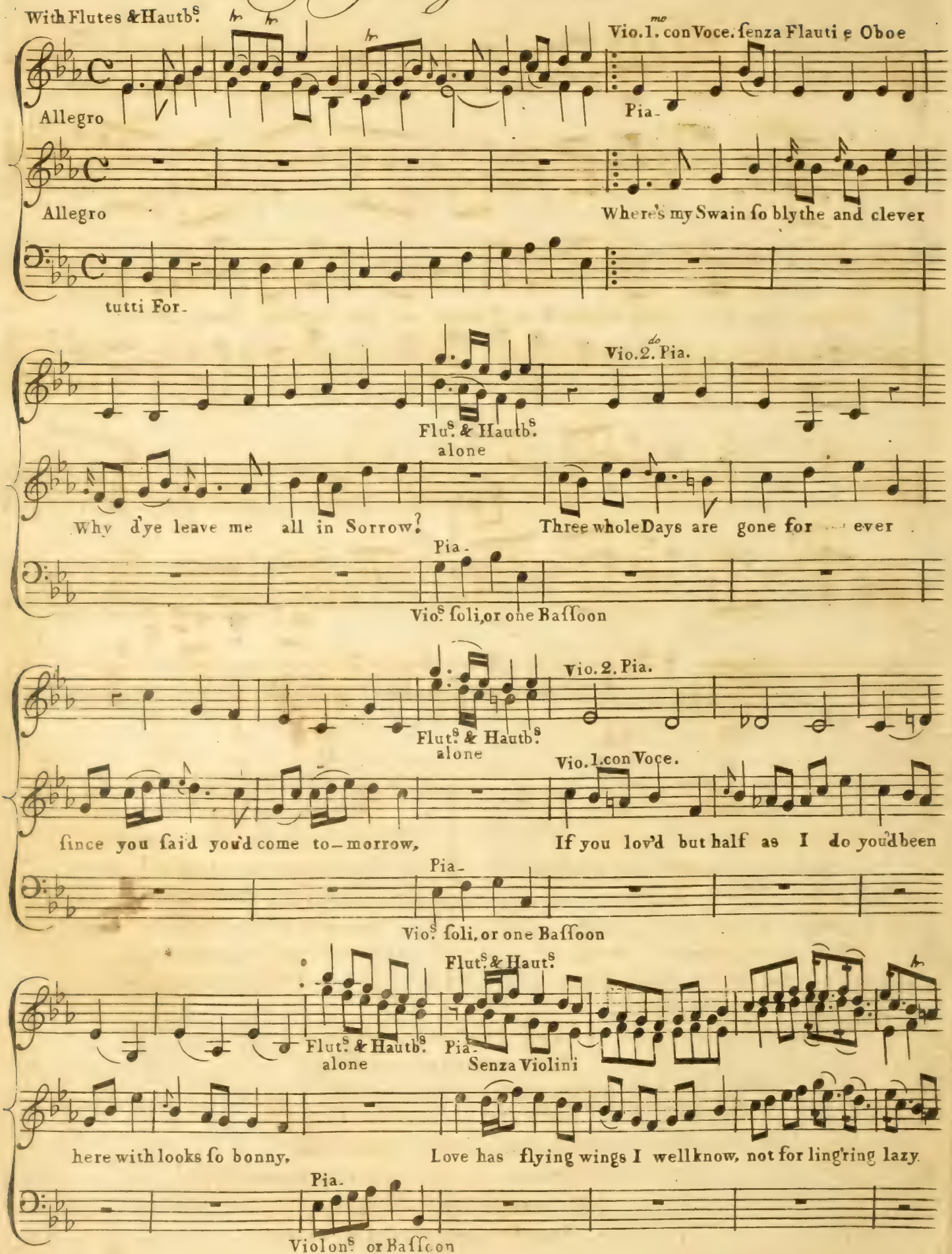
2

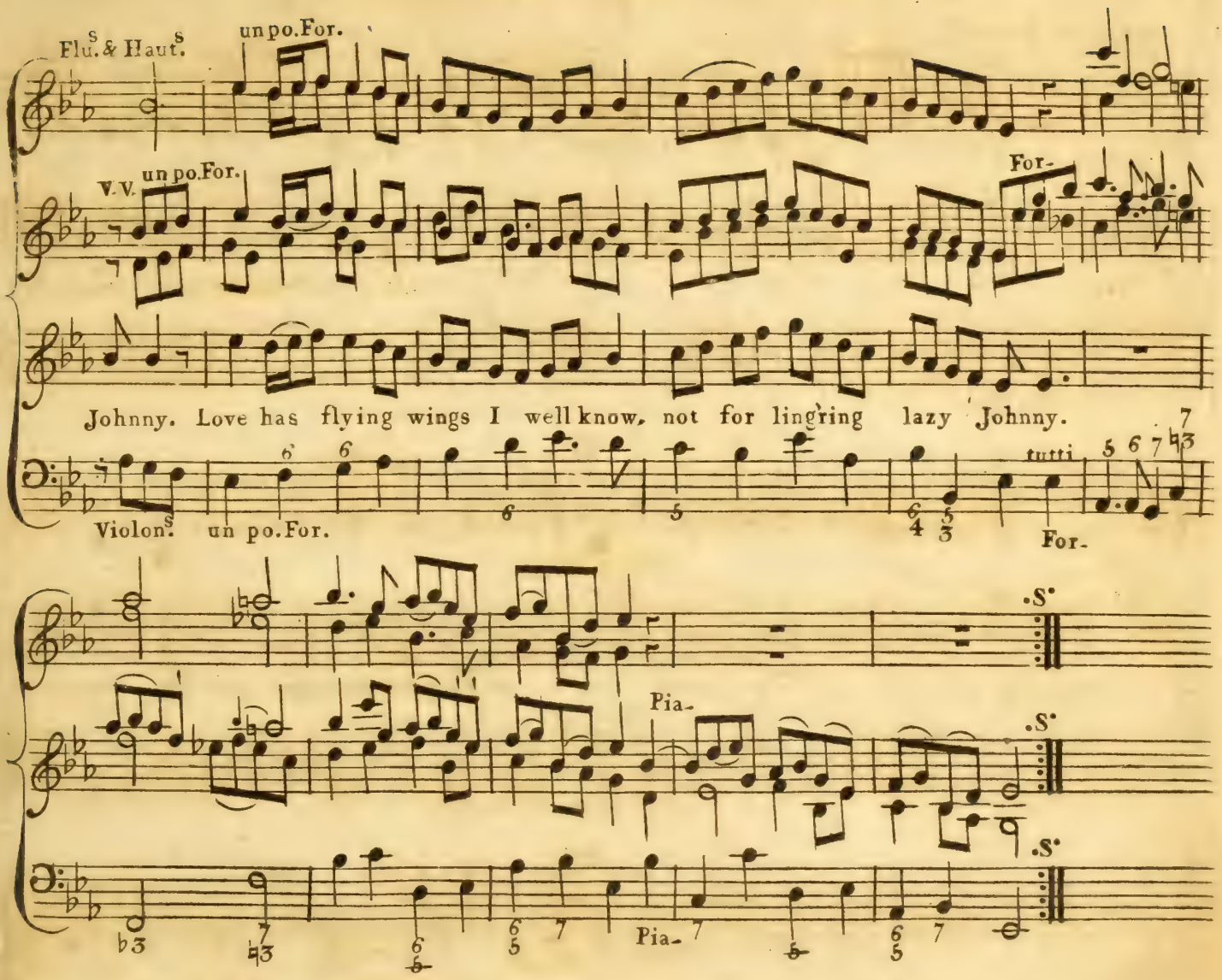
Truce with Bumpers; Venus now
The ruddy Victor chaces,
Send ſome Nymph with graceful brow
To my warm embraces.
See blooming young *Hebe* is now on the wing,
As ripe as full Summer, as wanton as Spring;
Ye Fawns and ye Dryads far hence from the Grove,
'Tis Silence and Gloom that is ſacred to Love.

3

Steering thus from Joy to Joy
Carefull thoughts I baniſh,
Time, this flame ſhall ne'er deſtroy;
Others blaze and vaniſh.
Ye Graces and Satyrs my chaplet prepare,
With Myrtle and Ivy come bind up my hair;
While I in due Juſtice your pains will requite,
By Drinking all Day, and by Loving all Night.

Sung by Miss Stevenson





2

What can he be now a doing,
Is he with the Laſſes maying?
He had better here be wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may no longer ſorrow,
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me ſo to morrow.

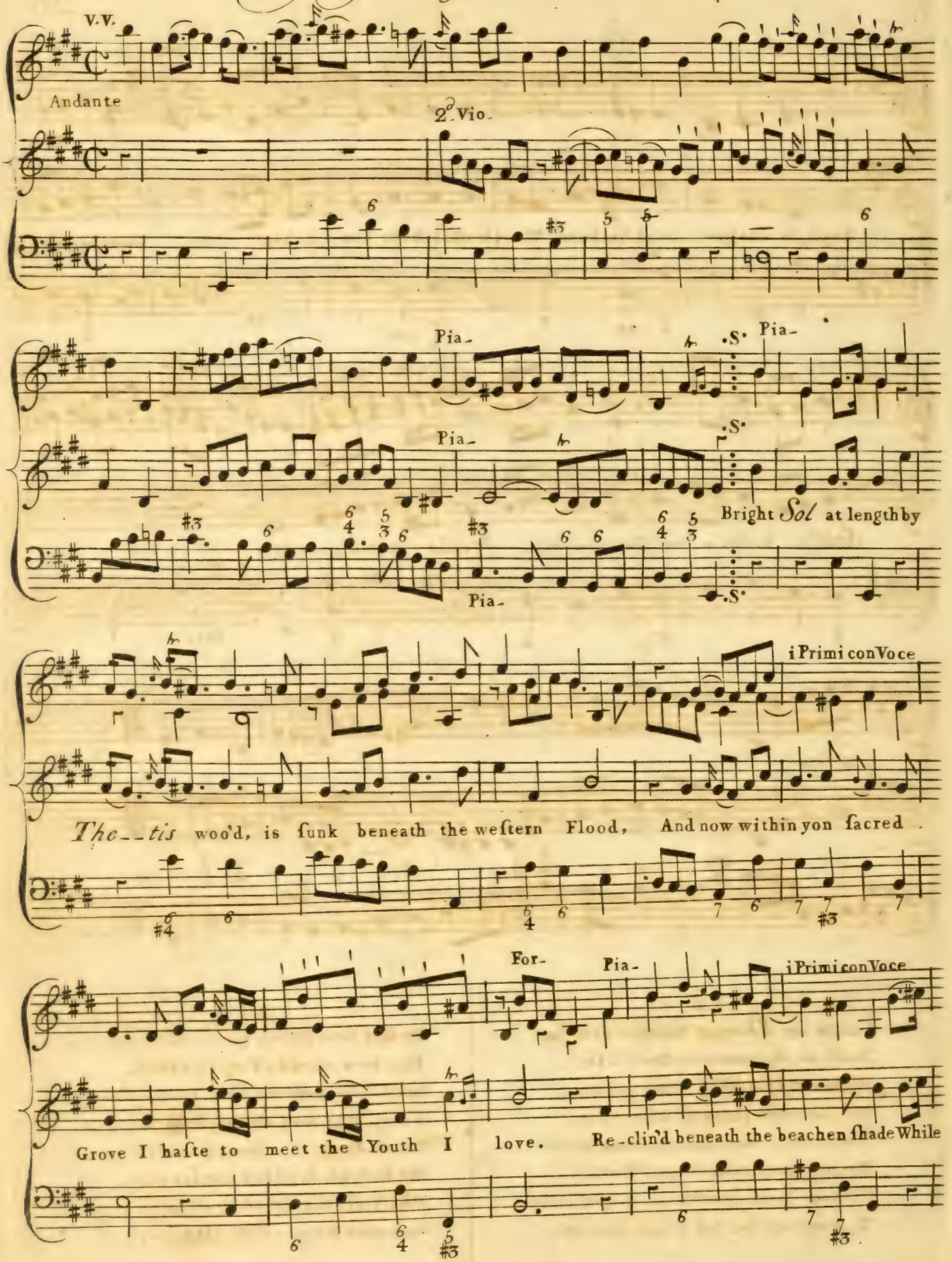
3

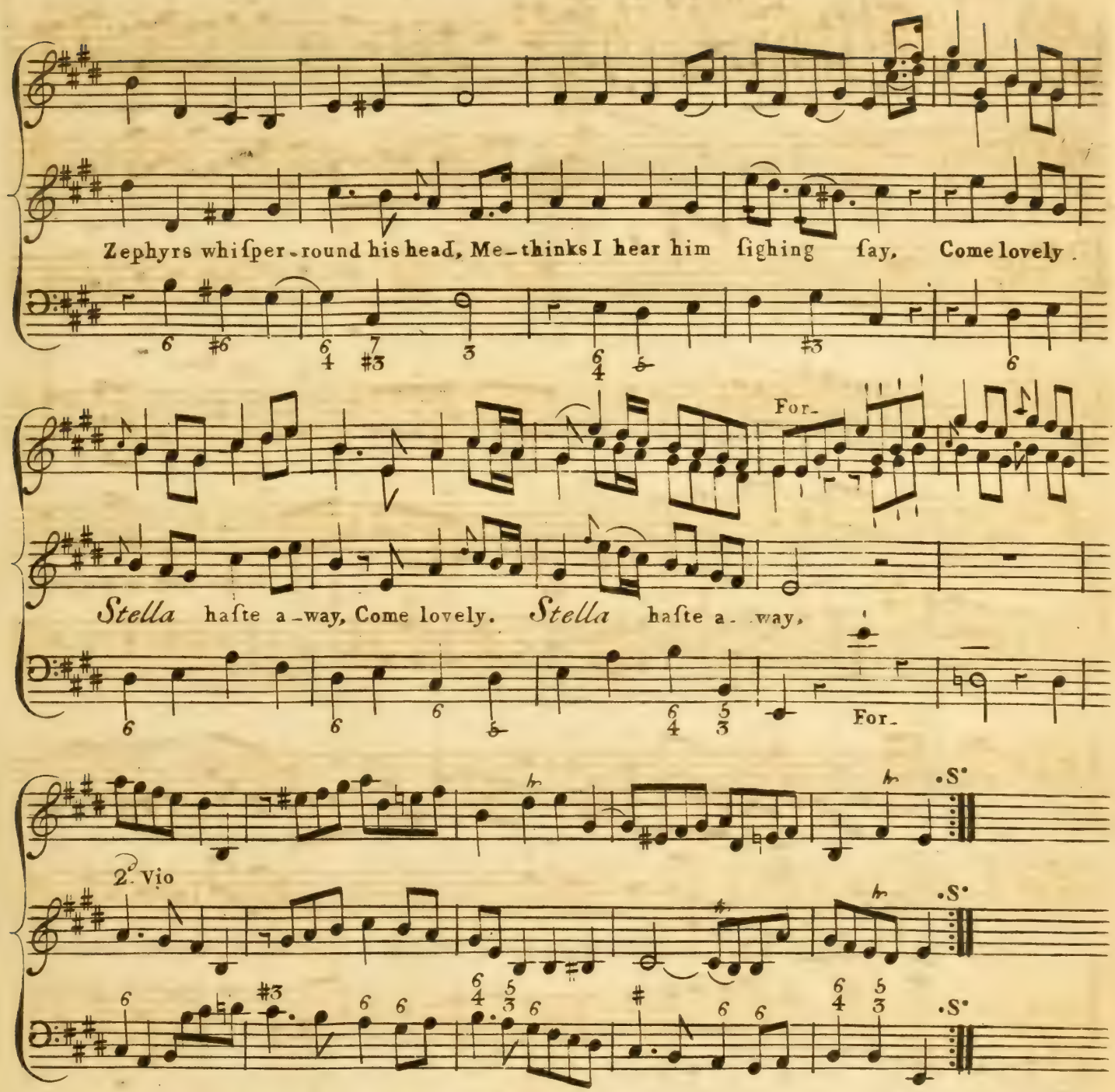
Does ſome fav'rite rival hide thee,
Let her be the happy creature;
I'll not plague my-ſelf to chide thee,
Nor diſpute with her a Feature.
But I can't and will not tarry,
Nor will kill myſelf with Sorrow,
I may loſe the Time to marry,
If I wait beyond to morrow.

4

Think not Shepherd thus to brave me,
If I'm yours, away no longer,
If you won't, another'l have me,
I may cool but not grow fonder.
If your Lovers, Girls, forſake ye,
Whine not in deſpair and Sorrow,
Bleſt another Lad may make ye;
Stay for none beyond to morrow.

Sung by Miss Stevenson





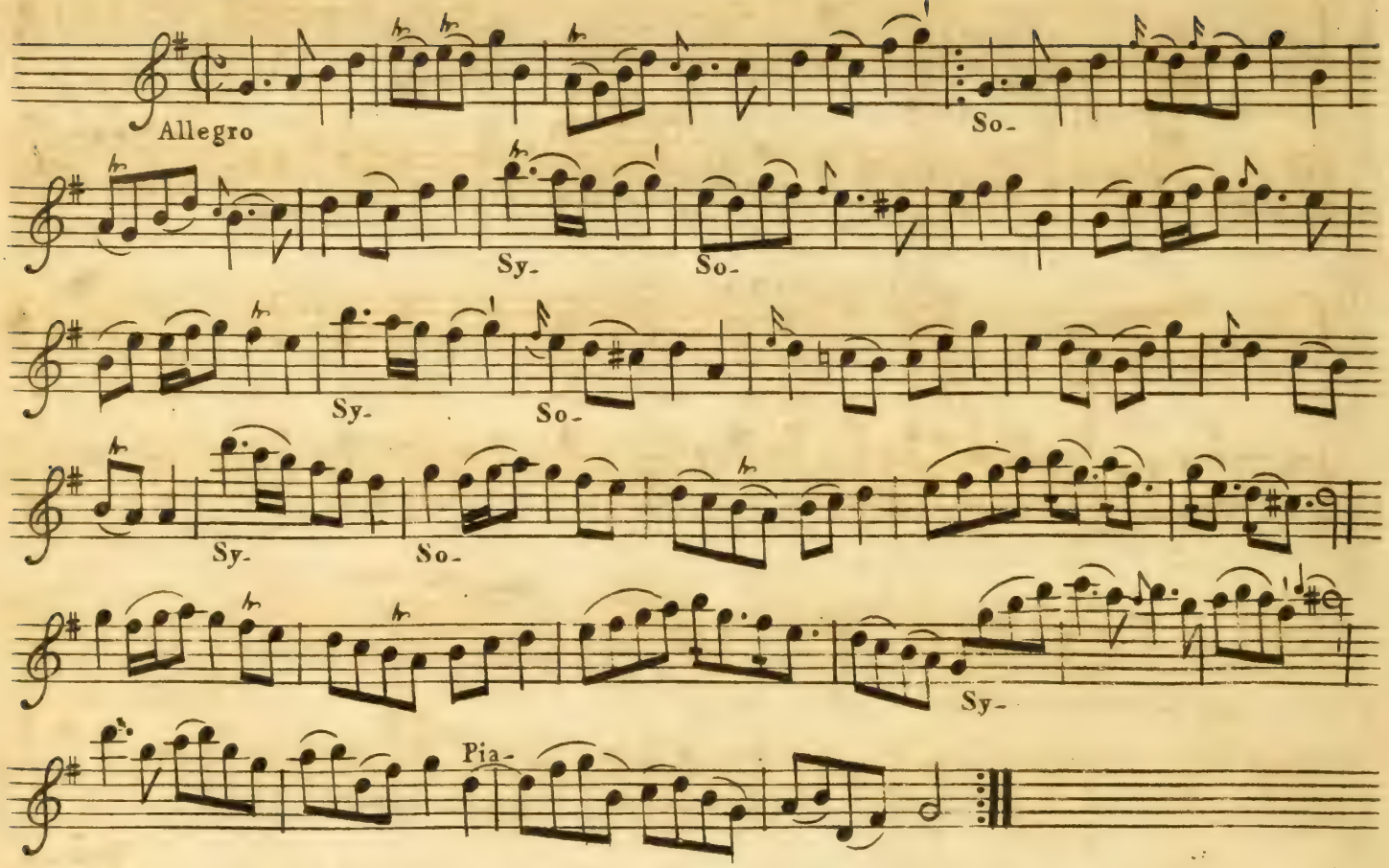
2

I come my *Damon* fraught with Joy,
Swift as the mountain Deer I fly,
Within thy faithfull Arms to lay,
And Love the cares of Life away.
There will I vow, dear, genrous Youth,
To love thee with eternal Truth;
Firm as great Heav'ns unchang'd decree,
To keep my ſpotleſs Heart for thee.

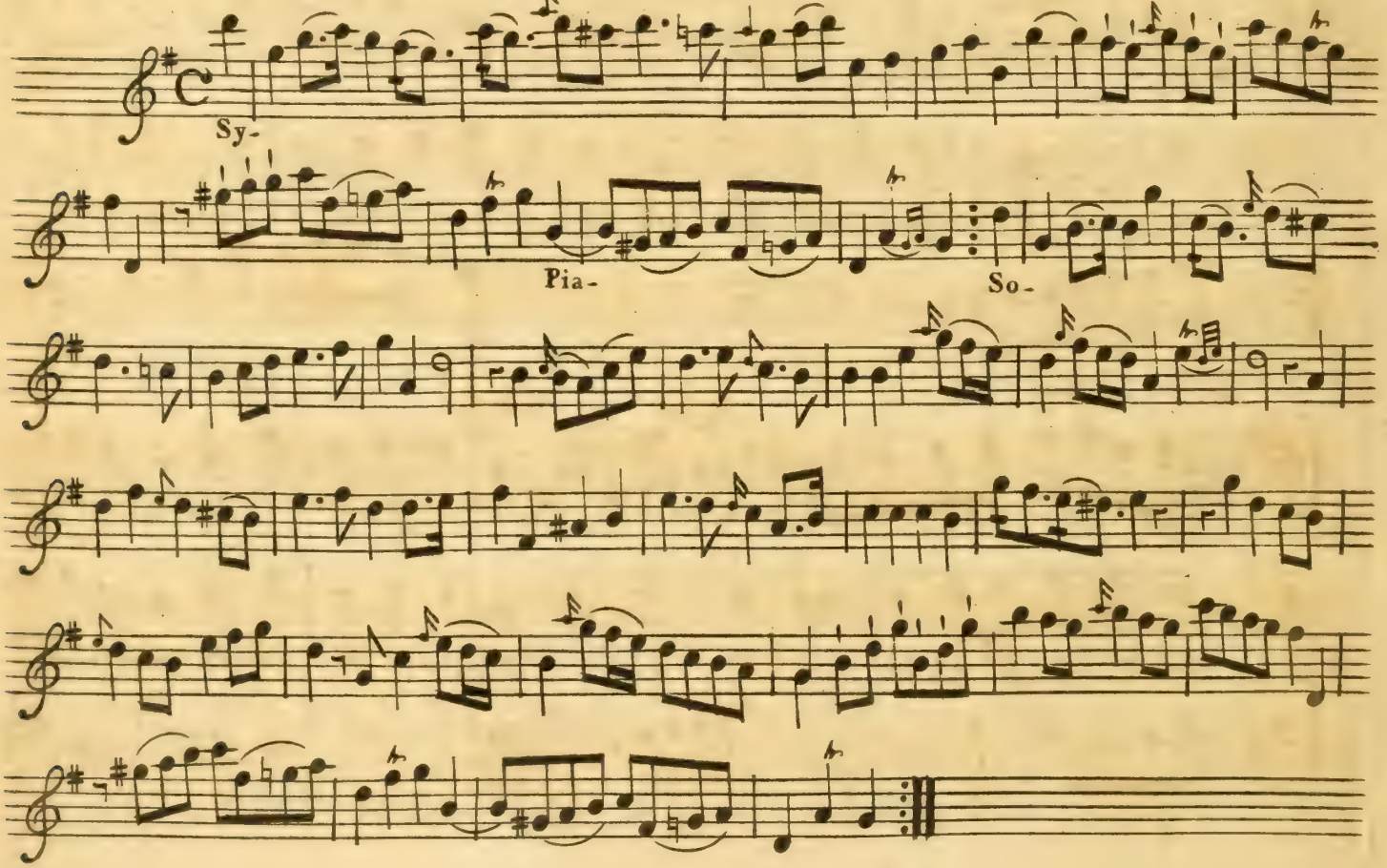
3

By that fond Heart, the trueſt, beſt,
That ever warm'd a Virgin's Breaſt,
By that fond Heart, dear Youth I ſwear,
Thou, only thou art treaſur'd there.
There ſhalt thou ever, deareſt Swain,
My Boſom's faithfull inmate reign,
While oft I'll ſay, what all muſt ſee,
Was ever Woman bleſt like me.

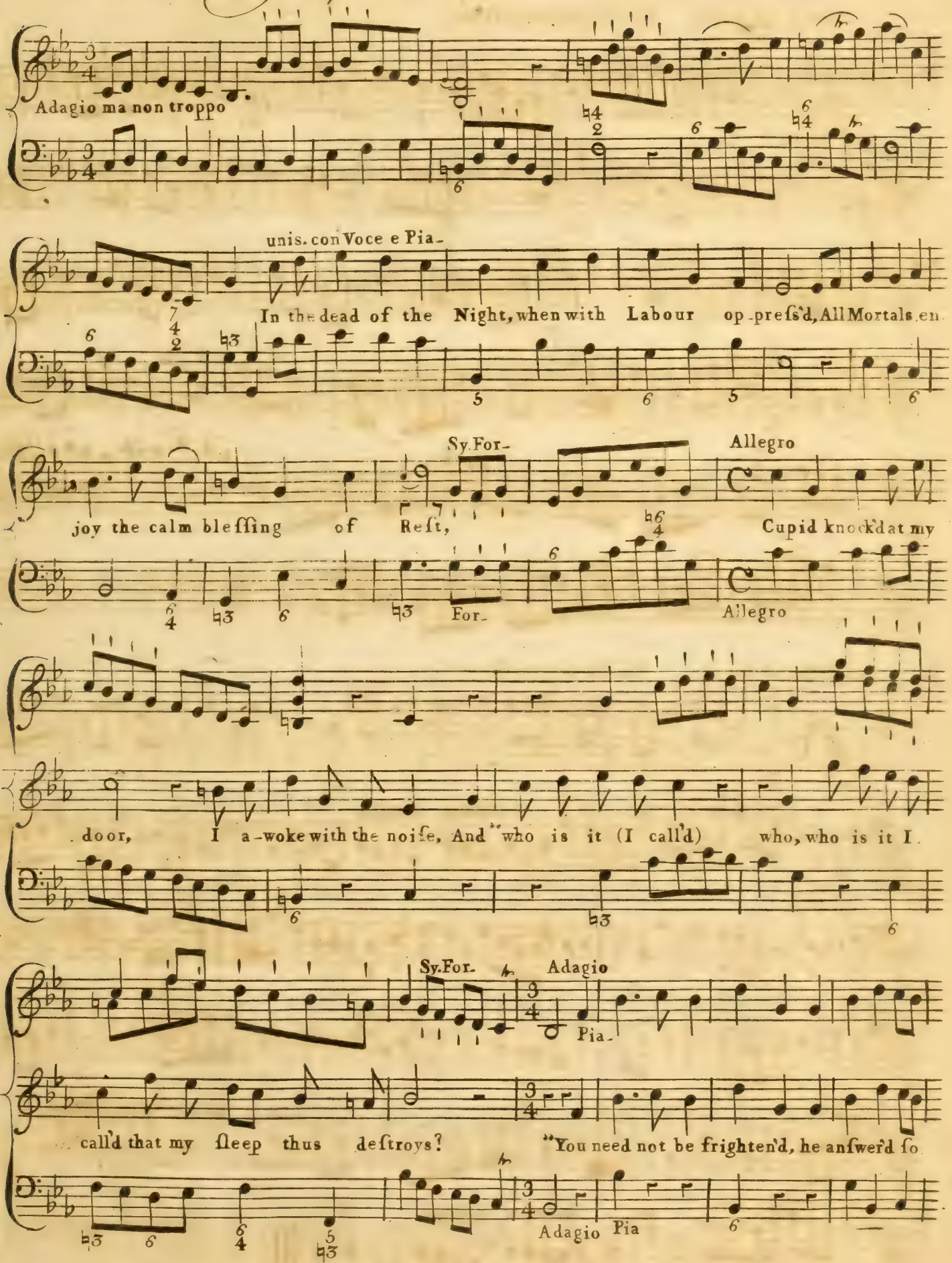
Where's my Swain For the German Flûte

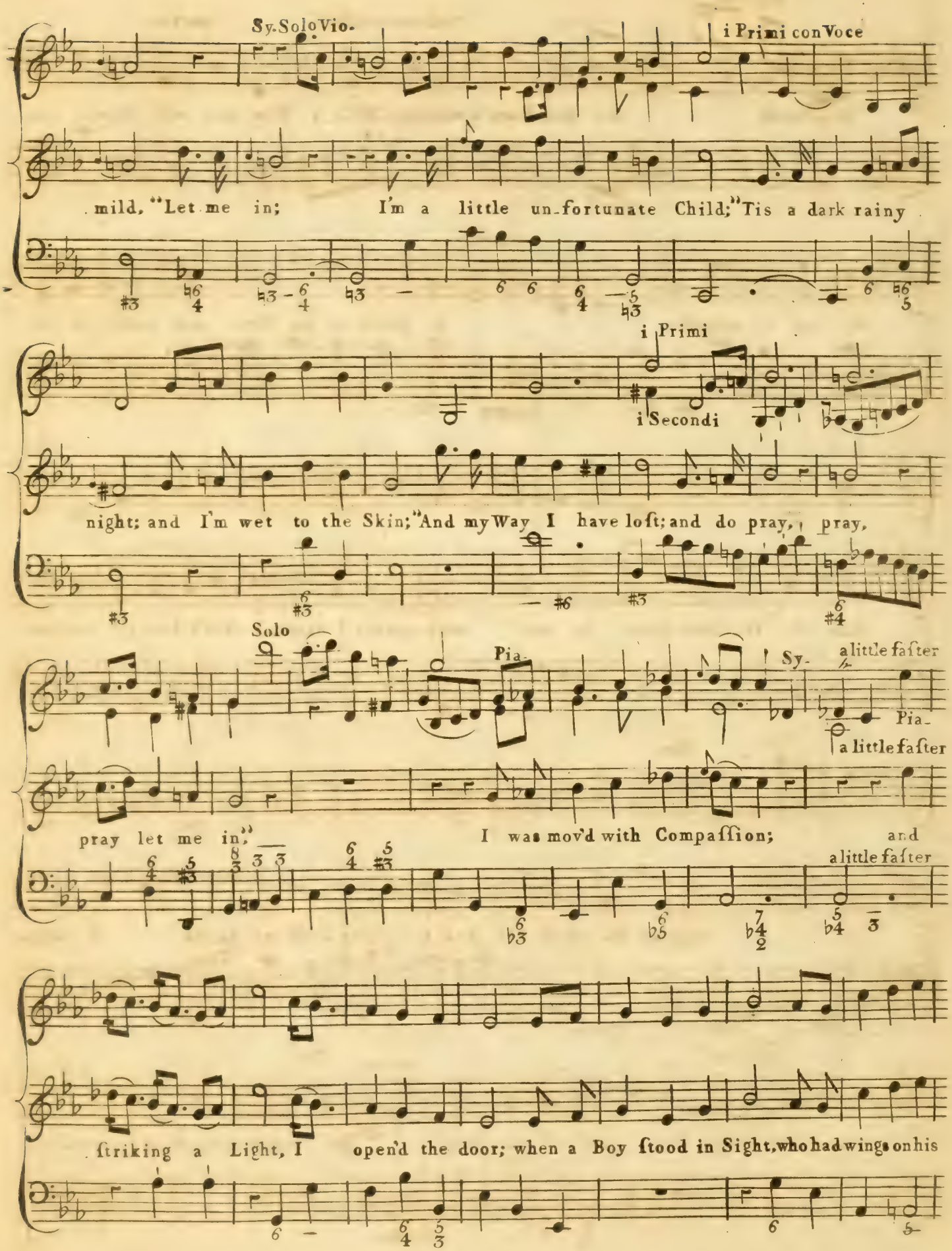


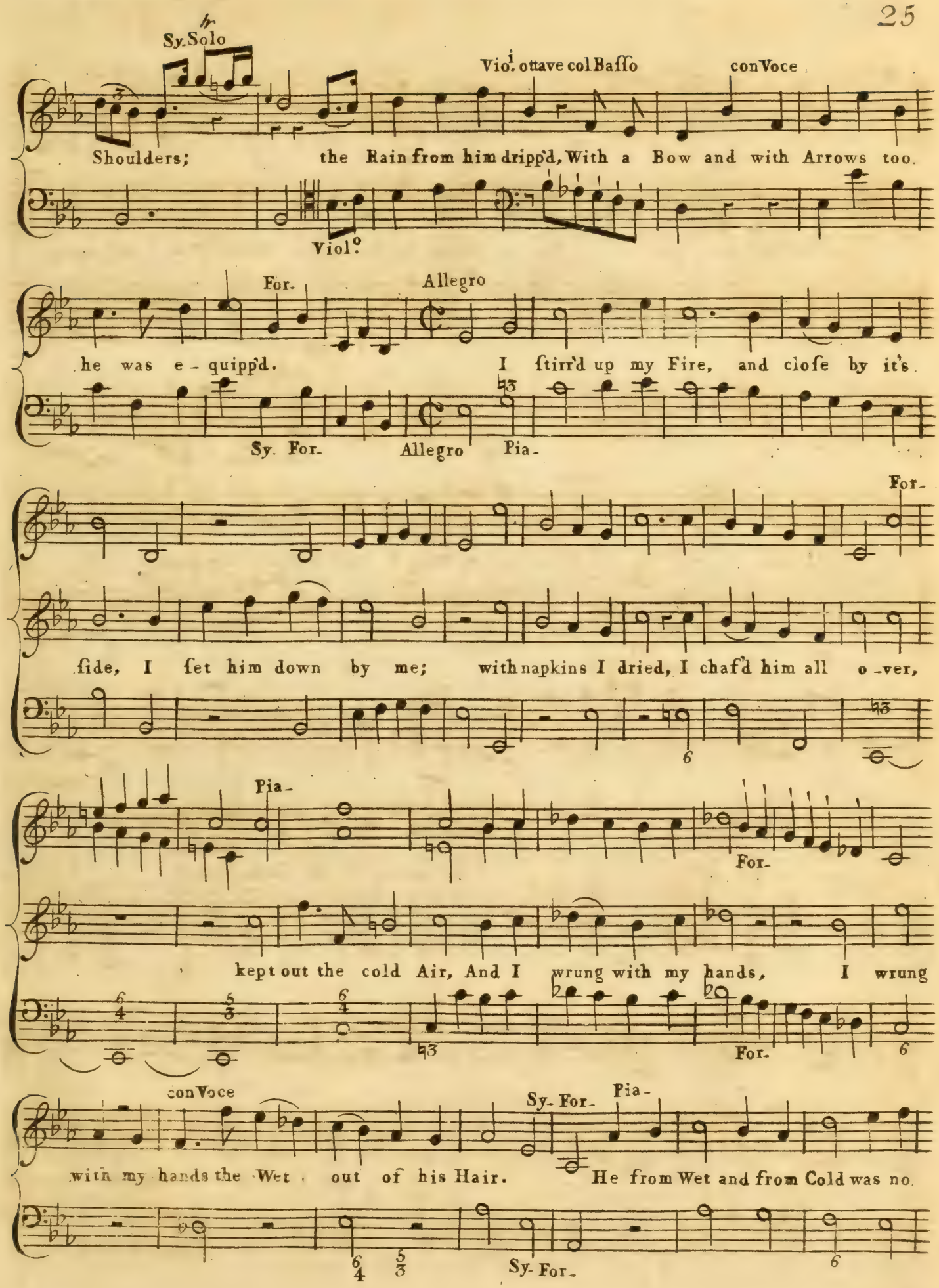
Bright Sol at length For the German Flute

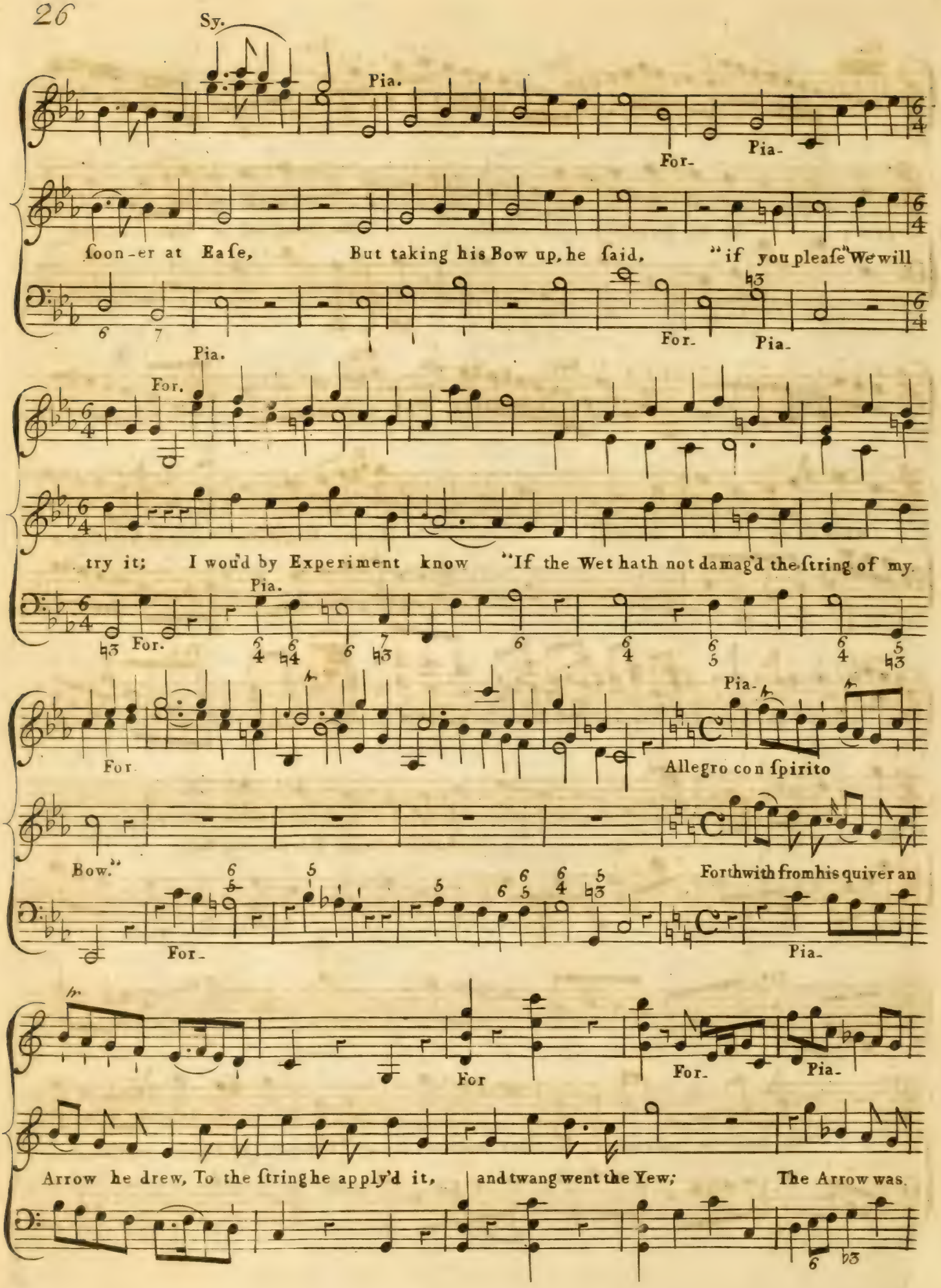


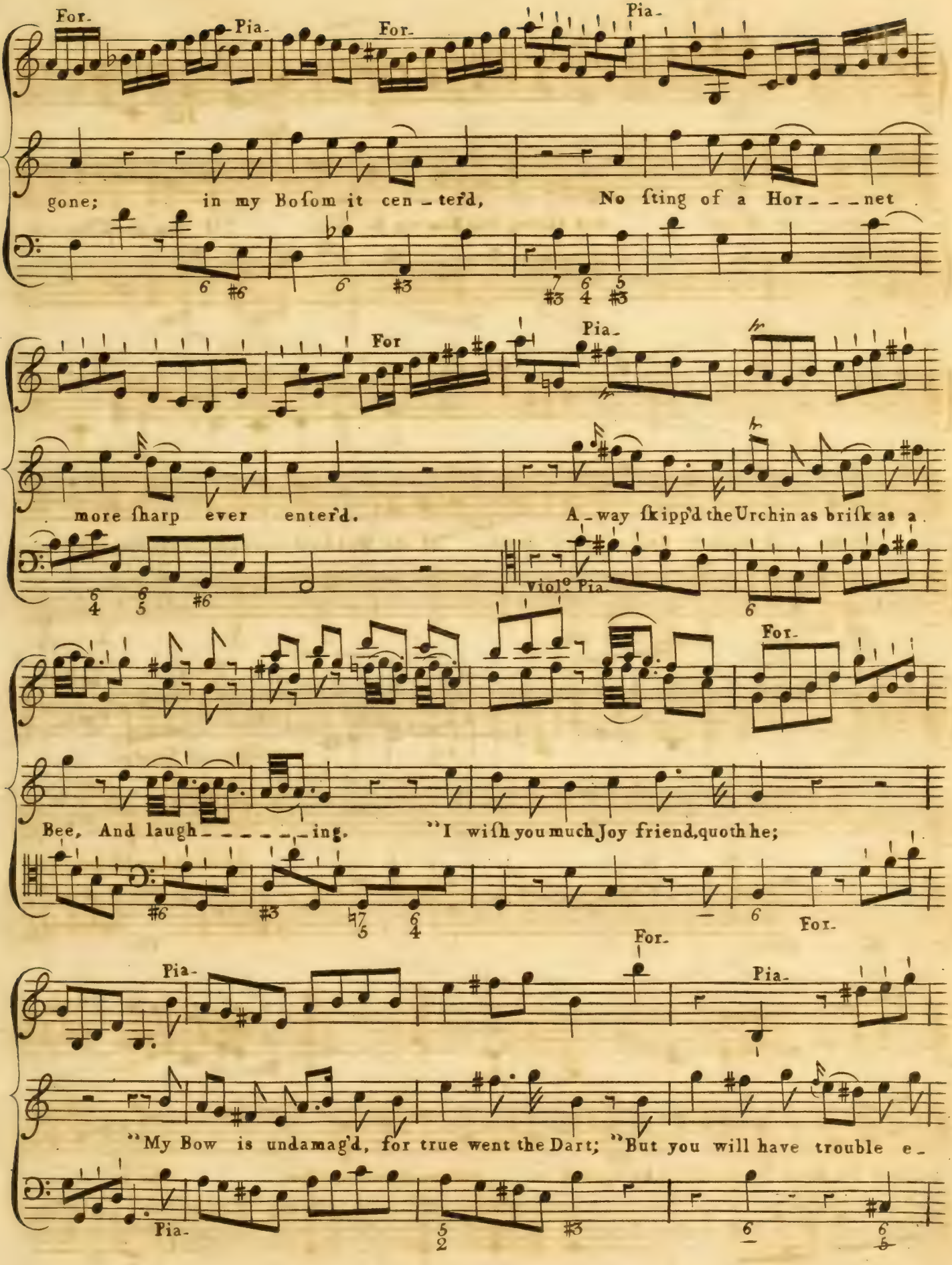
A Song *Sung by Mr Lowe.* *From Anacreon.*

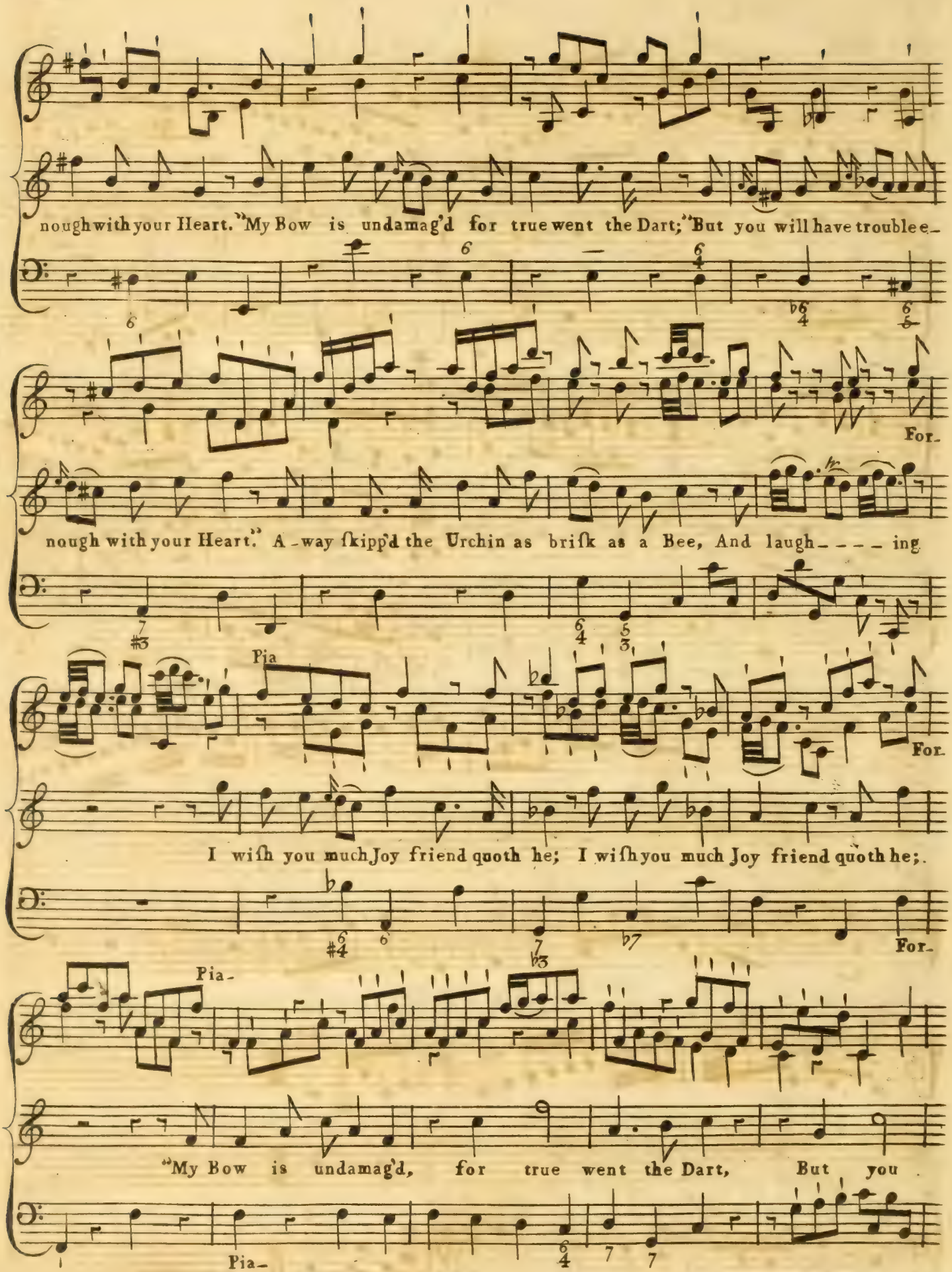


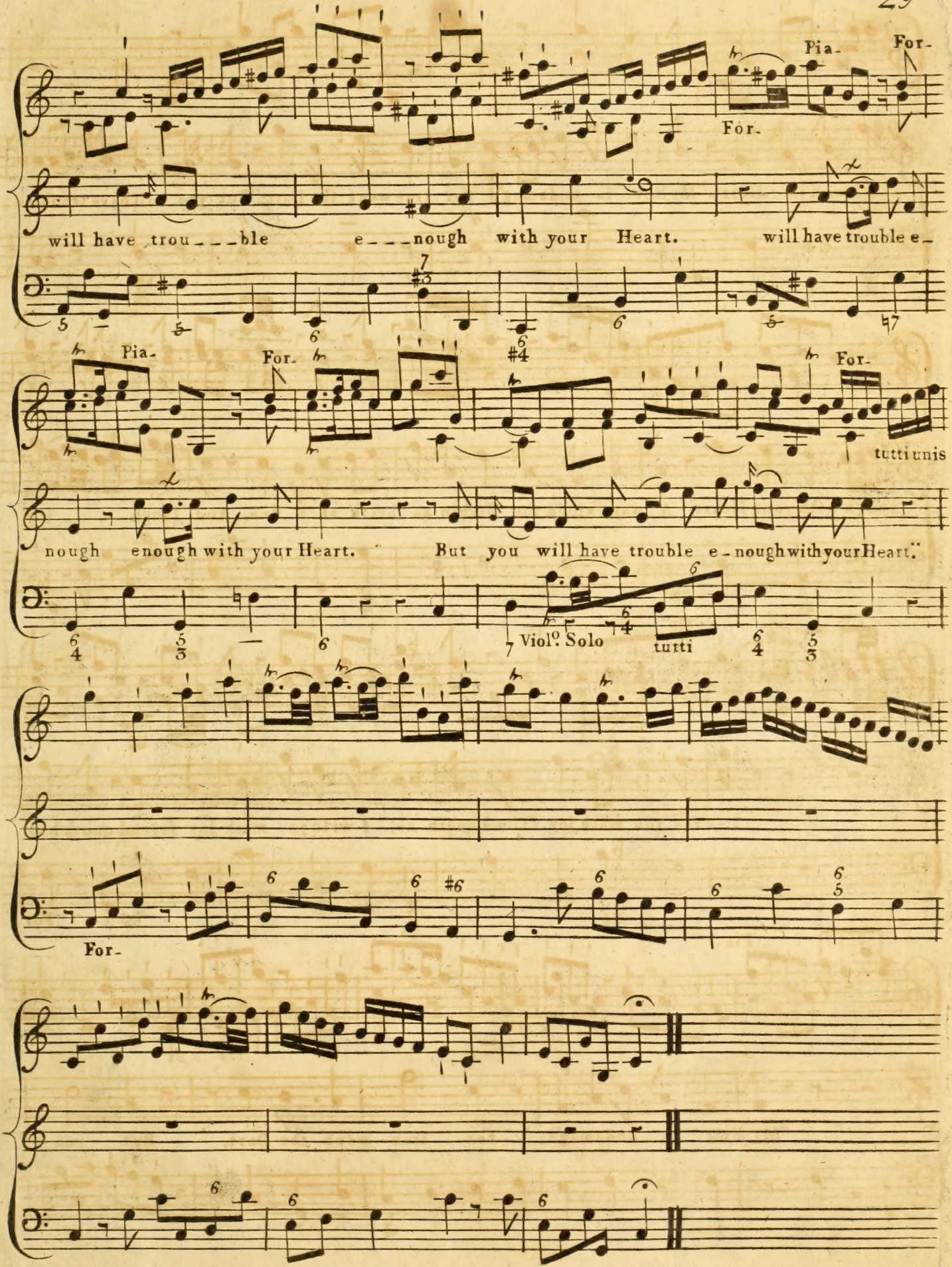

Sy. Solo Vio.
i Primi con Voce
mild, "Let me in; I'm a little un-fortunate Child;" 'Tis a dark rainy
i Primi
i Secondi
night; and I'm wet to the Skin;" And my Way I have loſt; and do pray, pray,
Solo
Pia.
Sy.
a little faſter
Pia.
a little faſter
pray let me in," I was mov'd with Compaſſion; and
a little faſter
ſtriking a Light, I open'd the door; when a Boy ſtood in Sight, who had wings on his


Sy. Solo
Vio.i ottave col Baſſo
con Voce
Shoulders; the Rain from him dripp'd, With a Bow and with Arrows too.
Viol.o
For.
Allegro
he was e - quipp'd. I ſtirr'd up my Fire, and cloſe by it's
Sy. For.
Allegro
Pia.
For.
ſide, I ſet him down by me; with napkins I dried, I chaf'd him all o - ver,
Pia.
For.
kept out the cold Air, And I wrung with my hands, I wrung
For.
con Voce
Sy. For.
Pia.
with my hands the Wet out of his Hair. He from Wet and from Cold was no
Sy. For.


Sy.
Pia.
For-
Pia-
ſoon-er at Eaſe, But taking his Bow up, he ſaid, "if you pleaſe" We will
For.
Pia.
try it; I would by Experiment know "If the Wet hath not damag'd the ſtring of my
For
Allegro con ſpirito
Bow."
Forthwith from his quiver an
Arrow he drew, To the ſtring he apply'd it, and twang went the Yew; The Arrow was.


For.
Pia.
For.
Pia.
gone; in my Boſom it cen - ter'd, No ſting of a Hor - - - net
For
Pia.
more ſharp ever enter'd. A - way ſkipp'd the Urchin as briſk as a
Viol.° Pia.
For.
Bee, And laugh - - - - - - ing. "I wiſh you much Joy friend, quoth he;
For.
For.
Pia.
Pia.
"My Bow is undamag'd, for true went the Dart; "But you will have trouble e -
Pia.


nough with your Heart." My Bow is undamag'd for true went the Dart; "But you will have trouble e-
For-
nough with your Heart." A-way ſkipp'd the Urchin as briſk as a Bee, And laugh- - - - ing
Pia
For.
I wiſh you much Joy friend quoth he; I wiſh you much Joy friend quoth he;
For.
Pia-
"My Bow is undamag'd, for true went the Dart, But you
Pia-


Pia-
For-
For-
will have trou - - - ble e - - - nough with your Heart. will have trouble e -
Pia-
For-
For-
tutti unis
nough enough with your Heart. But you will have trouble e - nough with your Heart.
Viol°. Solo
tutti
For-

(Sept., 1886, 20,000)

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